

# Arts AND Decoration

FEBRUARY 1933 • JOHN HANRAHAN, PUBLISHER • PRICE FIFTY CENTS



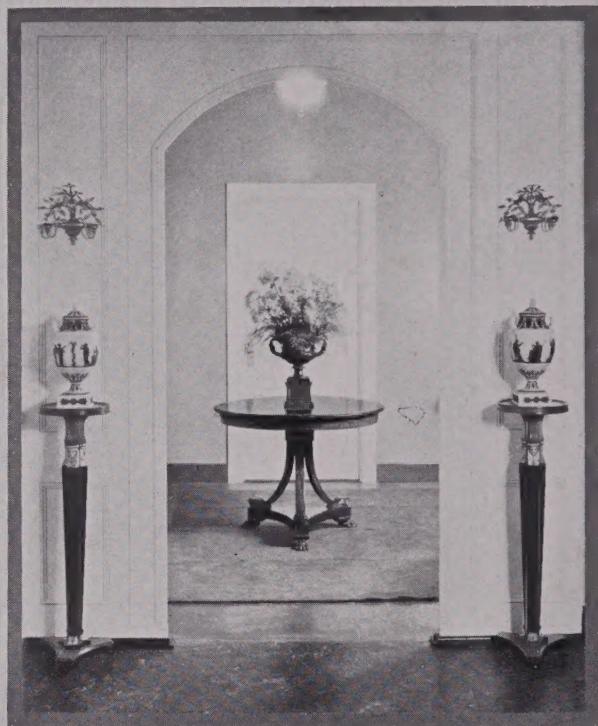


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# The Smart Shops and Galleries

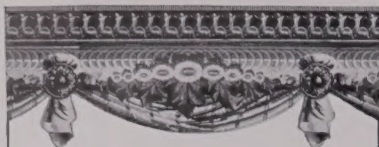
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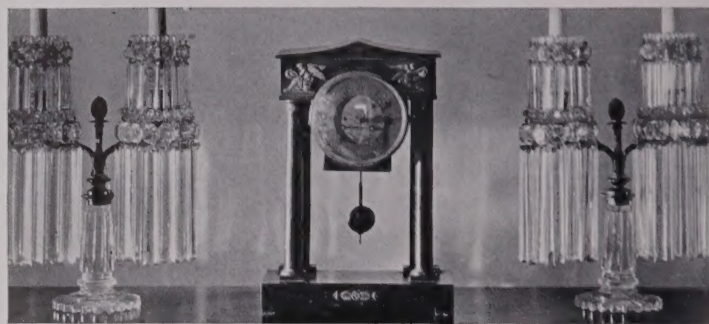
NEW YORK CITY

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## Home Decoration

### Here and There About Town

BY ELIZABETH LOUNSBERY



Taylor & Low, Ltd., 760 Madison Avenue

ANTIQUE furniture and pieces priced to fit into a budgeted home, including creditable copies of expensive designs, offer a diversified selection at Taylor & Low's.

As an outstanding example of the latter, they have a small apartment which demonstrates possibilities of effective decoration with only a modest expenditure. Here the walls of the living room are painted greenish blue with a white mantel, trim, Venetian blinds, and shutter screen. White is repeated in a rep sofa, which is used in pleasing contrast with two comfortable armchairs done in lacquer red flowered chintz. A Pembroke and a dumb waiter

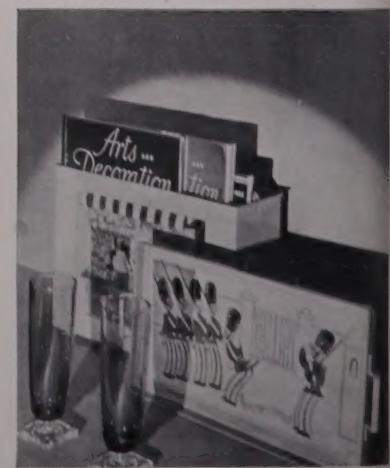
MODERN accessories comprising new types of lamps are featured by Pablo Bangerter. The one illustrated, with crystal dogs mounted on nickel, is suitable for a desk or night stand, or one may select cats, chicks or elephants. The silvered bronze paper holder with fighting roosters and the pottery animals that fill the window are other amusing items of this shop.

Among the larger table lamps, those with silver luster bases and metal paper shades, in rich green or red, are most decorative. Silk shades of any proportions may be ordered. Unusual smoking accessories and individual pieces of French pottery are likewise available, no two alike.

GIFTS for all occasions are to be had at Lambert Brothers, in a special department devoted to their display. Whether it is for the bar, the sideboard, dining table, desk or smoker, here are the articles needed.

There is even the bar itself; one, known as the "Nicholas", is of painted metal, in brilliant yellow, just large enough to accommodate at the back the person who serves. The tray and decorated metal magazine

Lambert Bros., Lex. Ave. & 60th St.



Pablo Bangerter, 9 East 54th St.

table hold white lamps. Taupe carpet rugs are used throughout. In the adjoining dining room white walls are introduced as a background for a black table and Hitchcock chairs. Equally effective is the pink and blue bedroom with crisp white organdie curtains, and the dainty little dressing room.

The candelabra, illustrated, are late Georgian and the Empire clock is lustrous black with gilt bronze.

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# The Smart Shops and Galleries



John J. Gatjen, 506 Park Avenue

rack, illustrated, are other examples among the newer items, also the tall highball glasses, that come in ruby or Bristol blue. Plates for the buffet supper, showing early New York bar scenes by Bob Dean, are also different, as are the latest posters for the playroom and bar.



Henry Hesse, 641 Madison Ave.

**ARTIFICIAL** flowers filling bowls and vases in an ensemble of lovely pieces of eighteenth century English furniture, at Gatjen's new shop (formerly known as Darnley), lack only fragrance of the real blossoms to deceive one completely. In the gilded urn, illustrated, wax Japanese lilies and paper calla lilies have been arranged, and there are many other beautiful varieties that include those made of iridescent fish-skin, in rich metallic colorings. There are also distinctive pieces of white porcelain, such as old pharmacy jars and crystal candlesticks and decanters. The collection of Biedermeier furniture boasted by this establishment is likewise notable.

**NEEDLEWORK** as a pastime has become a part of the average woman's day, to fill in to advantage the idle moments that cannot be devoted to reading, bridge or any of the other indoor diversions. Thus are benches, stools, chairs, cushions and even sofas that would otherwise find their way into the upholsterer's hands and with much less pleasing results, covered with really lovely work easily accomplished.

It is to supply this demand that Henry Hesse each year brings from Europe the most beautiful and authentic canvases, stamped from period and often museum patterns, to be worked in wools and silks.

The bench, shown here, is illustrative of this, with its Louis XVI flower design needlework covering, with a "petit point" center already embroidered and the canvas underlaid. The small stool shows a different type of needlework, which is ready to be filled with a background and would be especially suitable for an Early American room.

In the larger and more impressive pieces, there is a set of four small bench covers that were reproduced from those at Château de Malmaison. These have "petit point" centers and are underlaid in two shades of Napoleonic red or blue, with suggestions here and there of green.

Biedermeier patterns in delicate flower pastel shades are also among the latest importations and there are tapestry reproductions of fragments of ecclesiastical subjects in which the faces are already worked delicately in "petit point" embroidery.

**H**OUSE linens of the finest weaves and quality have been imported from Belgium, France and Italy to supplement the stock of staple Irish linens at William Coulson & Sons.

Among these, the 17-piece runner set of peach handkerchief linen, shown here, has much charm with its modern motif embroidered in a deeper shade. Exquisitely dainty, too, are the plate doilies of fine,



Wm. Coulson & Sons, 730 5th Ave.

natural linen with the Milan lace corners, and the selection in handkerchiefs here is equally choice.

Among children's linens is a crib set of fine huck, consisting of an upper sheet and pillow case having a simple embroidered design of a rabbit or duck in pink, blue or white. The newest bathroom sets show a lattice pattern in white on any pastel toned ground preferred.

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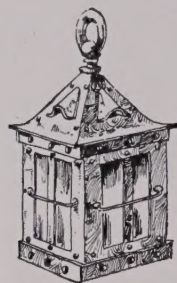


# Arts AND Decoration

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ARTS & DECORATION is published the twenty-third of every month by Arts & Decoration Publishing Co., Inc., 578 Madison Avenue, New York City. SUBSCRIPTION PRICE: \$6.00 a year; two years, \$10.00; single copies, 50 cents; foreign subscription, \$1.00 additional for postage; Canadian subscription, 50 cents additional.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS: When a change of address is requested, both the new and old addresses should be given. At least two weeks' notice is required to affect the forthcoming issue.

TO CONTRIBUTORS: We cannot hold ourselves responsible for unsolicited manuscripts and photographs. All material submitted must be accompanied by sufficient postage for return.

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ARTS & DECORATION PUBLISHING COMPANY, Inc., 578 Madison Avenue, New York  
Eltinge F. Warner, *President* John Hanrahan, *Publisher-Treasurer* Elmer J. Chambers, *Secretary*





# The Curtain Is Up!

## And THE STAGE Is Yours

**R**IGHT now is the peak of the theatre season. Thirty-six playhouses are open, and in twenty-five of them you can find a full evening's worth of entertainment.

To get an impression of how very much alive the theatre is just now, glance through the contents of the February issue of *The Stage*, just out. Among the plays of the hour candidly reported in its sprightly pages, and presented with lavish illustration, are:

*20th Century*, that hilarious slander on the theatrical profession, played at express-train speed, with its extravagant portraits of well-known folk whose identity you may guess for yourself.

*Goodbye Again*, as polished a production in the light-farce genre as you have seen in several seasons, with Os-good Perkins cutting a quite new set of capers.

*Biography*, that story of a gaily scandalous lady whom Ina Claire makes an utterly charming friend. Another Guild production in which everything clicks.

*Design for Living*, the brightest of comedies, which we caught en route to its New York opening, in which the expert Alfred Lunt, Lynn Fontanne, and Noel Coward (who wrote the play)

solve the ancient triangle in a disconcertingly modern way.

*Pigeons and People*, in which George M. Cohan won the long-distance and endurance records of the current stage at its opening in his native Providence.

But *The Stage*, while promptly reporting the outstanding news of theatre row, gives you also the significant trends and the amusing gossip, with a little serious thinking here and there as spice to the meal. For instance:

Katharine Cornell, in the short-lived *Lucrece*, clinched her position as a great tragic actress. *The Stage* presents a remarkable series of photographs in evidence.

Understudies, the unknown boys and girls who are waiting every night to step into the shoes of favorite actors and actresses.

## THE STAGE

50 EAST 42nd STREET  
NEW YORK

Alice's Wonderland friends, in all the panoply of Tenniel, at the Civic Repertory Theatre, where they are one of the season's hits.

The Irish Players, perhaps the outstanding repertory company of our time, observed through appraising eyes. Paul Busch did the drawings.

*The Emperor Jones*, the new American opera at the Metropolitan, and other highlights of the musical month.

The fashionable gowns worn in the new plays, with pointers for those who appreciate that the stage is more and more becoming a fashion-setter.

How Ina Claire raised herself from a little Irish Follies girl to one of the most distinguished comedienne of our time—just one of those fascinating bits you stumble upon in Allene Talmey's *Asides*.

The month's best motion pictures, the books which theatregoers will want to read.

And *The Curtain Is Up*, which tells you what you want to know about all the theatrical offerings in town, and guarantees you that out of all the thirty-six you can pick the ones to your particular taste.





MRS. JOHN H. G. PELL AND LITTLE SARAH GIBBS PELL

A pelican appears in the coat of arms of the Pell family and so the Long Island home of Mr. and Mrs. John Pell is called "Pelican Pond," and this, in spite of the fact that the pond is the home only of swans and rare wild white ducks. It is near the driveway leading to the house and here the Pells and their friends skate in the winter months. In the summertime it adds a romantic note to the landscape



A thick polar bear skin in front of the fireplace is the deepest accent of whiteness in the living room of the Pell home. The walls and ceiling are painted white, and the rugs are in pastel tones. The wide couch before the fire is covered with a print of yellow roses. Although Mrs. Pell has modernized this room, the lovely pieces here recall its past. Over the mantel is the sailing ship which belonged to George Gibbs and John Channing, the great-great-grandfathers of John Pell



PHOTOGRAPHS BY WHITING-SALZMAN

## "Pelican Pond" at Syosset

BY TONI FRISSELL

NOW that half the world lives like cave dwellers in high cliff apartments, one thinks of a country house as a place where one spends only hot summer months. My first sight of Pelican Pond proved that this was a fallacy in town bound minds. Standing in the snow with its white walls and blue-green shutters, the light from the windows making patterns on the snow, the house gave one at once the feeling of warmth and comfort that no city house possibly could give. It was built over one hundred years ago and at that time was a farm house. Then the John Pells found it, rebuilt it, leaving the shell of the house intact; and now it is

one of the most charming small houses on Long Island, quite satisfactory for even severest winters.

Below the driveway is a pond where the Pells and their friends skate in winter and where swans and wild white duck (the only ones in captivity as far as I know) swim in summer. There is also an orchard and a paddock with white horses, as Mr. Pell hunts with the Meadowbrook hounds and Mrs. Pell likes her animals white. The estate was called Pelican Pond because that bird is in the Pell family's coat of arms. But besides all its charm to the casual observer it has the atmosphere of its owners, John Pell, who wrote the biography of Ethan Allen, and his artistic wife who, like her mother, Mrs. Herbert Pell (known to the art world





There is nothing more charming in the whole house than the front hallway, with its bright orange glazed chintz Biedermeier curtains, its white Venetian blinds, with beautiful old English mirror, its delicate Sheraton table against the wallpaper with peach and blue figures. From the hall one enters the dining room, living room and library

Again, a white note is struck in the dining room. In contrast with the wine brocade curtains and the Sheraton table, chairs and sideboard, the white is refreshing and unusual. An interesting feature is the white china placed in cupboards lined with bright red. Over the sideboard hangs a portrait by Gilbert Stuart of the famous Sarah Gibbs, who was the great-great-grandmother of the present little Sarah Gibbs Pell



as Olive Bigelow), is a gifted portrait painter. The front hallway is one of the most charming I have ever seen with its bright orange glazed chintz Biedermeier curtains, white Venetian blinds, Sheraton table and beautiful old English mirror with a black and gold glass frame, and, to harmonize the whole, a delightful wallpaper with peach and blue figures on a cream base. Off this is the dining room, living room and library. The dining room walls are white, curtains of wine brocade. The table, chairs and sideboard, Sheraton. On each side of the fireplace Mrs. Pell has painted the inside of the built-in cupboards bright red, framing white china within. Over the sideboard hangs a portrait of

Sarah Gibbs by Gilbert Stuart who is Mr. Pell's great-grandmother, and great-great-grandmother of little Sarah Gibbs Pell, who is named after her, for each generation of the Pell family has a Sarah Gibbs. Facing the fireplace is a golden Chinese screen.

Two things strike one on entering the living room. One, the old rafters painted white—the whole room is painted white; two, the huge polar bear skin rug in front of the fireplace (shot by a Pell uncle in the wilds of Baffin Land) where Mrs. Pell often plays with her little daughter. At the other end of the room is a portrait of Mrs. Pell as a child done by her mother. It is rather fun to



look at her as she is today and as she was, there is so little change from the beautiful little girl. Over the mantel is another picture, this of a sailing ship belonging to George Gibbs and John Channing, two great-great-grandfathers of John Pell. Quaint Staffordshire figures hold up the lamps, the fire makes flickering designs on the wall, candles throw up their thin flames to the ceiling and, as one sits back on the rose-printed sofa, and looks about the room with its pastel hooked rugs, one feels that here is a house that has remained unchanged for a hundred years and one that no new idea can touch or spoil.

A feature most characteristic of Mr. Pell in this house is the pine paneled library where he has shelves and shelves of beautifully bound books,

collected over years. Some of the first editions are extremely valuable. It is a warm room with red leather sofa, fireplace, and a fire bellows belonging to Ethan Allen.

Sarah Gibbs Pell resides in a pure white nursery upstairs, because her mother has a penchant for white; because the child's golden coloring is charming on a white background. Pale white fish net with long fringe makes up the canopy in the master bedroom. Here again the walls are white, with even a white brick fireplace below a white wood mantel. The carpet is peach with an old peach hooked rug.

As I stepped out of the front door into the crisp quiet night, the only sound was an occasional quack from one of the white ducks on the frozen pond.



There are beautifully bound books in the library, many of them first editions and extremely valuable. The wide panels of antique pine make interesting framework for the vivid bindings

The Pell home, photographed for ARTS & DECORATION in the recent snow storm, was built over a hundred years ago. It was discovered by the Pell family when it was still a farm house, was rebuilt and redecorated by the present owners





## The modern—crystal and bakelite

There are no plump cupids and paperlace frills about this strictly contemporary table set entirely in crystal on a black bakelite surface, and yet the ethereal quality of the opalescent glass "bubbles" piled one on top of the other, the opaque charm of the central figure, and a sense of infinite depth in the shiny bakelite, are not entirely out of step with the spirit of the day when one is supposed to look deep into the crystal gaze-ball of the future to find one's true love. The bubbles and centerpiece are of Holland glass. The service plates are clear American glass with fluted edge, the smaller plates are also American designed and made by hand by Maurice Heaton, the glasses are all old Bohemian with rich colored stems. The flowers are of a delicate crystalline substance similar to isinglass. Appointments from Arden Studios



PHOTOGRAPHS BY WHITING-SALZMAN

## The romantic—red and white

Without once stepping out of the Nineteenth Century, Russel Wright, by applying just the correct dosage of the classic touch to the Victorian, has created a table, charmingly modern in feeling in spite of itself. The traditional colors of the old saint are there, and all his lovelorn symbols of hearts that beat to three-four time

# TWO TABLES





Where "love" is there shall "dove" be also, according to the immortal decree of the English language and Russel Wright, whose Valentine day table here is not without its love birds, of course. It even has its "lyres" and "fires". In fact the only thing lacking is the "heart" and "must part", but that is somewhat compensated for by the red and white and gold color scheme, which would warm the cockles of the heart of good Saint Valentine himself could he see it. For background, Mr. Wright has used a tablecloth of bright red moiré, with white silk uncut fringe, from Mosse, Inc. Against this background he has set a centerpiece of his own design,

a broken Doric column filled with red roses on which two doves rest—doubtless symbolic of the touch-hands and part-with-laughter—touch-lips and part-with-tears school of Victorian thought. The classic lyres are really lamps, the illumination is concealed in the base beneath the "strings", which are glass rods. These as well as the doves were designed by Mr. Wright. The milk glass, filigree edge service plates and shell compotes are Victorian, and from Olivette Falls. A red rose has been placed across each plate. The white goblets of old-fashioned milk glass are from Ovington's, and the salt cellars from Mitteldorfer Straus. The flatware is gold, from Freeman of London

## IN TWO VALENTINE MOODS



# WHITE. CHARTREUSE *and* BROWN

The home of Helen Menken is an off-stage backdrop for a red-haired lady



SOMEDAY an aspiring Ph.D. will do a thesis on the far-reaching effects of red hair and the admiration thereof. It is a big field, and we leave most of it to the Ph.D. But we cannot leave him Helen Menken's house! It is the direct result of her having been born with auburn hair—and the hair really *is* auburn, not one of those other shades dubbed auburn through courtesy. Her eyes are the same tawny brown, and her transparent skin is the sort that goes with both. So when Joseph Mullen decorated her old brownstone house in the East Sixties, he made each room a background for a type of person who would be vivid anywhere, but who against the whites, chartreuses and browns he devised would walk supreme in her own world. It is a world in which the modern and Early American combine happily.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY STELLA F. SIMON

Joseph Mullen has built his theme around white throughout the house and here in Miss Menken's bedroom white predominates. The ceiling is a delicate apricot, over the mantel is a Marie Laurencin, the woodwork is maple—beyond these touches there is no color. White faille taffeta is the fabric used

In the drawing room the walls are dead white, and the old Victorian fireplace has been left. The furniture is Victorian too—the barrel-backed love seat by the hearth is covered with shiny brown satin; the two console tables are made from one round Victorian table. On the opposite page is the window end of this room







Besides being a perfect setting in brown and chartreuse for Miss Menken's exotic coloring, the library is a first-class shelter for the actress's collection of old books on the theatre, her collection of theatre programs and framed playbills of the era when she trouped the country as a child with John Drew and Eddie Foy. The shelves are lined in chartreuse, and contrast with the white Salubra covers of the theatre programs. The walls are a dark brown, while the ceiling and window draperies are chartreuse, and the carpet henna like that in the drawing room. The furniture is upholstered in blond velvet

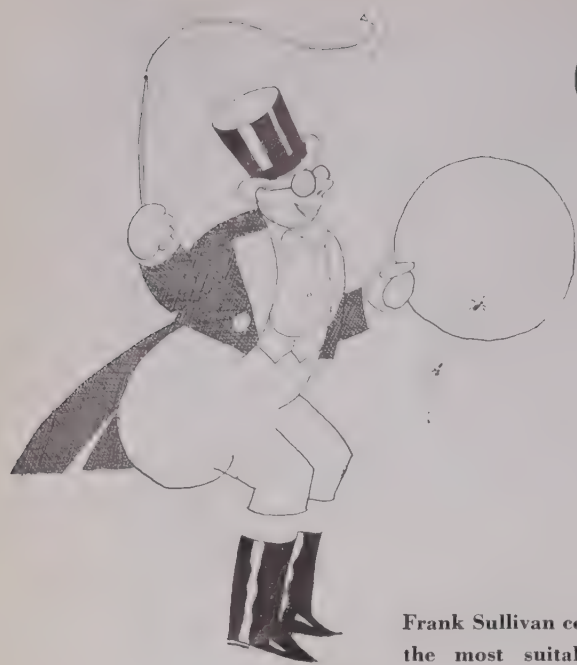
Completely in the Victorian spirit of the old house, and yet simplified to modern ideas, is the interesting curtain treatment of the double hall doors. The woodwork is white and big bows tie white organdy curtains





# Our Dumb Friends

ARE KNOWN BY THE COMPANY THEY KEEP—AN ENQUIRY  
INTO THE PREFERENCES OF OUR MORE FAMOUS PETS



Frank Sullivan considers trained fleas  
the most suitable apartment pets

BY MARGARET FISHBACK

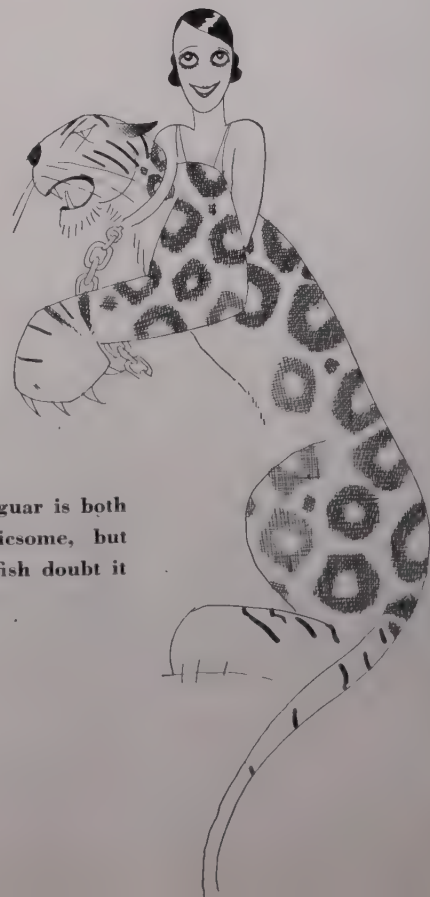
DUMB, of course, is a misnomer in the case of the parrot belonging to Helen Worden of the New York *World-Telegram*. For he speaks up regularly with admirable grace and good-will, offering verbally the chivalry of a lover without any of his troublesome possessiveness. Each day the gay old bird greets his mistress with "Good morning sweetheart, kiss me." A cheerful, affectionate companion he is, and just the sort of pet every woman should cultivate in this cold, gray, unreliable world of salary cuts and broken promises.

Even so, there are other pets about town considerably more colorful and exciting. Lily Pons has a jaguar by the name of Ita who resides on the end of a chain in her apartment, and has a playful habit of burying his claws in the soft white succulent flesh of press agents and other foreign matter equally alien to his South American habits of mind. Miss Pons brought him back from below the Equator some months ago when she returned for her current season at the Metropolitan, and though short tempered with strangers, Ita is benevolent and frolicsome with Miss Pons. On occasion she puts him on a leash and takes him walking with her or out riding in her car, which, because of Miss Pons' diminutive size, invariably causes breathless concern in the bosoms of spectators who are unable to make out whether it is the jaguar or the opera singer who is being taken for a ride.

A pet more in harmony with my chicken-hearted nature, yet lacking somewhat in warmth and personality is the sparrow belonging to Tina Meller, sister of Raquel. She takes it with her whenever she goes on the road, and sees to it that the creature has its special order of bread and water wherever she stops to re-fuel. Another bird of note is Mrs. Harry Bruno's canary. This *diseur's* name is Dick and his special racket consists in ringing a bell which he keeps in his cage, thereby signifying his readiness to dine. Outside of that, and his habit of emerging from his gilded lair and taking up a position on

Mrs. Bruno's shoulder at the piano when she sings, Dick has no desperate idiosyncrasies.

But to return to genuine live stock. Carl Van Vechten is responsible for the presence on our island of a fat, six-foot, brunette gopher snake with a red stomach and an inquisitive nature. He is a kind of temporary snake as far as his impresario is concerned, for he was ordered into town solely to figure in some photographs over which Mr. Van Vechten is now alleged to be in a cold sweat. Whether the snake is to be used as background or whether some local celebrity is being groomed and fattened to play second fiddle to the reptile has not yet been announced. Possibly Mr. Van Vechten hasn't made up his mind (*Continued on page 62*)



Lily Pons says her jaguar is both  
benevolent and frolicsome, but  
Helen Morgan's goldfish doubt it





A gigantic California live oak shades the terrace outside the dining room, even in early Spring

## CALIFORNIA SHADOWS

SPRING comes early in California. It arrives while you and I in New York are still dragging our feet around in galoshes, nursing our graveyard coughs, dreaming of cruises to balmy isles, and feeling altogether as depressed and depressing as a poem by T. S. Eliot. At such a moment we need all possible encouragement—we need to know there exist such things as Dr. and Mrs. Samuel Robinson's low-lying English cottage in Montecito, California, with its trees throwing delicate spring patterns on the lawn just as if it were already May, or nearly. Knowing such things is like having in one's possession a promissory note with impeccable endorsements.

Looking toward Pepper Lane, from the front door of the home of the Samuel Robinsons, at Montecito







PHOTOGRAPHS BY JESSIE TARBOX BEALS



A little creek runs by at the foot of the lawn, and from that vantage point one can appreciate the snug way the house fits the ridge, and the size of the old trees. Ivy surrounds the entrance way, and the shadows on the drive are from a border of white oaks

But this house is not only a promissory note of Spring, it points the way to something its architect, the late Mr. George Washington Smith, had in mind for California. Why, he asked, should California confine herself so rigidly to the Spanish style, when for some locations, our more American and English types of architecture were practically perfect? He experimented, and, up to his recent death, he worked continuously to show that his idea was sound and logical.

Here on this hill at the end of Pepper Lane, and surrounded by live oaks, sycamores and English walnuts, nothing could be more fun-





CLARA WASHINGTON SMITH  
ARCHITECT

damentally "at home" than this Devonshire farmhouse he built. It hugs the hilltop and bends with the backbone of the ridge as if it grew there.

The house spreads in three directions. The main or central portion comprises the entrance hall, living room and the study. From the study another long wing juts off asymmetrically, containing the dining room, and service quarters. At right angles to the living room there is another wing in which bedrooms are located. There are two more bedrooms upstairs, but most of the second story is an under-the-eaves affair and has been left unfinished. The walls outside are the typical white plaster one expects for this sort of house, and the sashes and trim are stained brown. The roof is roughly shingled to give almost a thatched effect.

All the important rooms look out over this "garden" view. But to see the house at its most attractive angle you must walk down to the little creek and look up the hill.

This side of the house is level with the Lane, and a white picket fence, with white solanum plants behind it, runs from the end of the service wing to the gate. The ivy-clad front door is just beyond the angle of the two wings, and the gable end of the service wing is hung with a wisteria vine not yet in bloom





# Games Worth the Candle

The board over which the armies and navies move is sixteen feet long and four feet wide. The game is played with little tacks, each equivalent to a fighting unit—men, ships, airplanes or tanks, each tack taking up on the board the same amount of space that the unit of its size would proportionately occupy on land or water. Below Mr. Geddes conducts one of the war game manoeuvres with characteristic facility



PHOTO BY VANDAMM

SPORT FOR KINGS AND GOOD FELLOWS FOUGHT  
OUT ON THE PLAYING FIELDS OF MR. GEDDES

BY RUTH PICKERING

OVER on Thirty-seventh Street in New York lives an idle fellow who, when he is not creating settings for the stage, or designing automobiles, radios, and kitchen stoves for Mr. Average Consumer or building buildings for a World's Fair, is inventing and making games. To Norman Bel Geddes, there is nothing so serious in life as a good game. Although he languished in jail for two days because he wrote articles against the World War, he has made a war game over which army generals have perspired with chagrin, and for which he himself was made Honorary Member of the Coast Artillery Association. Private citizens are granted membership in this only for great public service of military value! He has designed and executed a mechanical horse racing game over which a loving husband has forgotten his wife and children and let them sail to Europe without him. Years before the Tom Thumb golf course was ever the rage, he had made a miniature golf course so ingenious that his friends begged him for keys to his flat. For two years no evening in the week was free of a dozen golf fiends,





and he finally gave the damn thing to Kenneth MacGowan, for his own peace and protection. He has invented a mechanical baseball game—the favorite of all others of Howard Dietz—in which the players not only hit the ball but actually catch the ball, throw it, and run the bases. And there are other games just as complicated.

In 1926, Mr. Geddes was taken by a friend to see a race at Belmont Park. He is not horsey; he was not even sure in describing his marvelous toy whether or not you called a horse's chest, a horse's chest. But the whole paraphernalia of the sport—and once again the mathematics of speed, proportion, and even of chance—stirred his inventive mind. He would make a race track of his own. Of all his games, this intricate horse race is the only one completely mechanical, but even it is mechanical with a difference.

There are three elements influencing horse racing which are not included in Mr. Geddes' game. His iron horses cannot be bred (though there are 800, which sounds suspicious); weather conditions

are constant; and there can be no crooked jockeys. Otherwise, the game is a live race in miniature. Over a period of three years, horse races were run every Saturday night, during the summer months, in Mr. Geddes' house. About two hundred people owned stables, among them: Franklin P. Adams, William Beebe (William Beebe owned the most valuable horse, *Arcturus*, who at one time had started eighteen races, won thirteen, and placed in the others), Heywood Broun (he owned the ranking three-year-old, *Chow Girl*), Aline Bernstein, Marc Connelly, Howard Dietz, Kenneth MacGowan, Earle Larimore, Tommy Farrar, Raoul Fleischmann, Warren Hymer, Rudolf Kummer (Rudolf Kummer owned a string of twenty horses), Claire Luce, Peter Arno, Kay Morris, Gilbert Seldes, Frank Sullivan, King Vidor, Harry Woods, Alexander Woollcott, Ezra Winter, Ken Simpson.

Mr. Fleischmann entered his horse one night in the Bonnet (instead of Derby), the two-year-old classic. His horse was a favorite. He had sent his family and baggage to the pier because he had every intention of sailing for Europe that night. But he forgot to sail; anyway his horse won. Peter Arno had a great horse named *Parade*. *Parade* lost

The commander of each side has his staff headquarters behind the front, from which he issues written orders to the commanding units similar to the ones at the side. There are about twelve thousand units represented by pins. When ships or armies are within range, the hits are determined by a machine, the chance elements of which are in accordance with actual war percentages—a game for fighting men, with no quarter asked or given



SECRET

Annexes: ☒ 1 - Situation Map  
☐ 2 - Operation Map  
☐ 3 - Transportation Table  
☒ 4 - Deployment Table

TO CORPS ☒ X  
Order Issued Day ☐ 32 PM  
Operation to commence Day ☐ 33 AM  
Operation to be complete Day ☐ 35 PM

Objective -  
Place your sector on a purely defensive basis to be held by X Corps only - releasing Corps XII - XIV for action as per order 242.

These instructions affect only Divisions: ☐ 116 ☐ 117 ☐ 118 ☐

(1) Withdraw all troops in shaded area to west side of River Var.  
(2) Leave machine gun unit behind to guard your rear.  
(3) After withdrawing, destroy bridge on Var.  
(4) Locate heavy artillery and destroy all bridges crossing same river.  
(5) Aircraft destroy bridge.  
(6) Advance long range and destroy bridge.  
(7) Entrain and move to Sanr.  
(8) Load tanks on Do.  
(9) March 113 c.  
(10) Assemble on  
(11) Reorganize  
(12) When you

Move ☐ empty  
DO NOT DESTROY THIS ORDER



his race one night to an unknown. Mr. Arno, in his fury, auctioned off his entire stable; Claire Luce bought it in for thirty-two dollars.

The track was twenty-five feet long straight away, on a table at eye level for the seated spectators. Races were from four furlongs to two miles. The track, which looked like dirt, was made of unevenly dyed felt and waxed. On either side of the track was green velvet turf, with a fence along the side. The judges' stand was opposite the finishing post and off at one side were the stables. The horses all looked alike, made in a mold of lead, three inches long, and realistically painted. There were over eight hundred horses, and a detailed record was kept of each performance. The space about the track was filled first

with boxes, each holding two people. These sixteen boxes were locked with a brass rail. Mr. Geddes' Filipino butler, dressed in white with a high white hat, marked "Information," was the usher. It was he who held the keys to the boxes which were reserved. The racing was from nine to one o'clock, and the theatrical crowd usually reserved the boxes for their late entry. Behind the boxes were the bleachers for the hoi polloi, accommodating one hundred. The entire lower floor of his house was cleaned out for the Saturday night racing. One gloomy evening some six hundred people tried to crash the gate, though attendance was by invitation only.

Everything pertaining to the race itself was electrical. Like Post Toasties, no human hand touched the horses. They came out of their stalls in the stable and went to the furlong post, where they lined up behind a thin steel barrier. Each horse was free standing. When the barrier snapped up, the horses were off. Twenty could run abreast in one race. To the chest of each horse was attached a fine silk thread, practically invisible, which went the length of the track and disappeared over an unseen pulley. Each horse had its own motor, set by dial at the percentage point based on its past performance record. All the machinery was under the table, inclosed in glass, lighted so that its intricacies could be seen if not understood, and locked.

Working against (Continued on page 62)

The track was twenty-five feet long, straight away on a table at eye level for the seated spectators. Everything pertaining to the race was electrical—the horses came out of their stalls and when the barrier snapped they were off, driven each by his own motor, making the chances as on a real race track

WEDNESDAY,  
MAY 23, 1928.


OFFICIAL PROGRAM

THIRD SEASON

THE  
NUTSHELL  
JOCKEY  
CLUB

The only two mile  
track in the heart  
of Manhattan lo-  
cated on the beau-  
tiful estate of  
Norman Geddes  
at 133 East 38  
Street.

STEWART  
HOWARD DIETZ  
NORMAN GE  
BANK OF THE  
KEN SIM



EVENT 333 - 11:20 A.M.		
The MATURITY STAKES		
PURSE \$12.00		
THE SEASONS RANKING EVENT FOR FOURYEAR OLDS AND UPWARD.		
Consisting of five races		
Purse payable on each race to run: winner \$1.30; second .75; third .33		
Starting fee for the event of five races: \$1.20		
Four year olds to carry 132 pounds.		
Five year olds to carry 142 pounds.		
Six year olds and upward to carry 150 pounds.		
Distances: 1/4 mile, 1 mile, 1 1/4 miles, 7 furlongs, 1 1/2 miles.		
Among the entries in this race: PARADE won The Derby and the Sen- ior Handicap last season; ARCTURUS won The Bonnet, CUMSAM won the Chantilly Handicap.		
PP	Owner and Horse	Odds
1	King Vidor Red Head	10-1
2	Tommy Farrar Poke	10-1
3	The Farms Stable Pinwheel	4-1
4	Ezra Winter Tossup	15-1
5	Ken Simpson Centipede	6-1
6	Norman Geddes Front Page	6-1
7	Kenneth MacGowan Desire	75-1
8	Howard Dietz Parade	10-1
9	Harry Woods Come Seven	5-1
10	Rudolf Kommer Dom	50-1
11	Heywood Brown Parakeet	10-1
12	Peter Arno Inky Boy	10-1
	William Beabe Arcturus	







## *Varma trinkar, hot drinks for chilly days*

NO, COCKTAILS ARE NOT OUT OF FASHION, BUT AFTER SKATING  
AND SKIING A STEAMING FLAGON IS THE IDEAL HOSPITALITY

LIFE has become so regulated and time so pigeonholed that we have rather forgotten how to potter peacefully around, and instead force ourselves to do everything on a hectic if unwritten schedule, cutting every move down to a minimum of efficient gestures, proudly pointing out the while how we waste not one jot of energy nor one tittle of time. Now that is an utterly ridiculous way to live—because we have just as much time as ever, sitting around and simply begging to be gracefully wasted. Any one who listened to the now famous Harvey Woofter Five Point Plan is only too aware of that fact—and, of course, as any of our authorities on this new technocracy business will tell you, we're going to find more and more free time just around the corner.

It looks as if we were mixing up efficiency and laziness. On ice-cold days we sit around and drink ice-cold drinks—another "efficient" move—ice cubes from the Frigidaire, soda water out of a bottle, grapefruit juice out of a can—and there you are. But why continue to drink iced things in midwinter? Personally, after a hike around the

By MARCIA MEIGS

### Mulled ale after the theatre

What could better bring joy to the heart of the socially inclined, but icy, individual than this fireside scene with all the properties for mulled ale laid out on the Jacobean oak bench? A pewter pitcher for ale, a bowl for nuts, and sturdy mugs are from the Ehrich Galleries. Pewter is essential, for this ale and ground ginger drink is spiked with a red hot poker. The thin brass pitcher is in reality an old "poker container", where that implement can be kept in safety between the "spikings". The Arden Studios



### Unusual glasses for hot drinks

Unusual glasses for hot drinks. At the extreme left is a lovely deep rose one from the Mayhew Shop, with a silver spoon from Jensen to keep it from cracking. The next fairly cries out for a hot drink of French derivation—perhaps a *café brûlé*. This and the finger print glass are from Blanche Storrs. Next is an old glass from Philip Suval that holds a glass crusher from Blanche Storrs—grand for a “Jersey Flashlight” or a “Tom and Jerry.” Here is a green glass with straw handle from L’Elan. Then, an old glass with a striped sugar crusher—from the English Antique Shop; last, a mulberry glass from L’Elan, for strong coffee, with cloves, sugar and cinnamon



PHOTOGRAPHS BY WHITING-SALZMAN



### Hot spiced rum in old lustre

Old lustre cups and plates, with grapevine tracery on them, are set out on a little Chippendale table. Wafer-like biscuits on a large lustre plate accompany hot spiced rum, a delicious cold weather beverage made of boiling water, sugar and rum, and cloves. Courtesy of Bruce Buttfield

These pictures were taken in the galleries of Charles of London. The beautiful linen-fold paneling partly covering the wall was originally in the Great House, at Shrewsbury



### Hot baked apple toddy

Hot baked apple toddy, an old favorite in almost every drinker's recipe book. Sugar, a quarter of a baked apple, a jigger of apple whiskey and hot water are combined. Copies of old glasses from the English Antique Shop, known as “rummers,” are suited to this drink. The silver hammered pitcher with ebony handle for hot water, the covered silver dish that keeps the baked apple hot, and silver spoon that stirs up this delicious drink are from Jensen





#### Hot bouillon for the frozen skater

Hot bouillon warms the inner man better than almost anything else and, when accompanied by sandwiches and brioches, it is indeed a welcome sight to a frozen skater or skier. The little covered cups and plates of Lowestoft design come from Rich and Fisher. The oval gallery top table is Chippendale

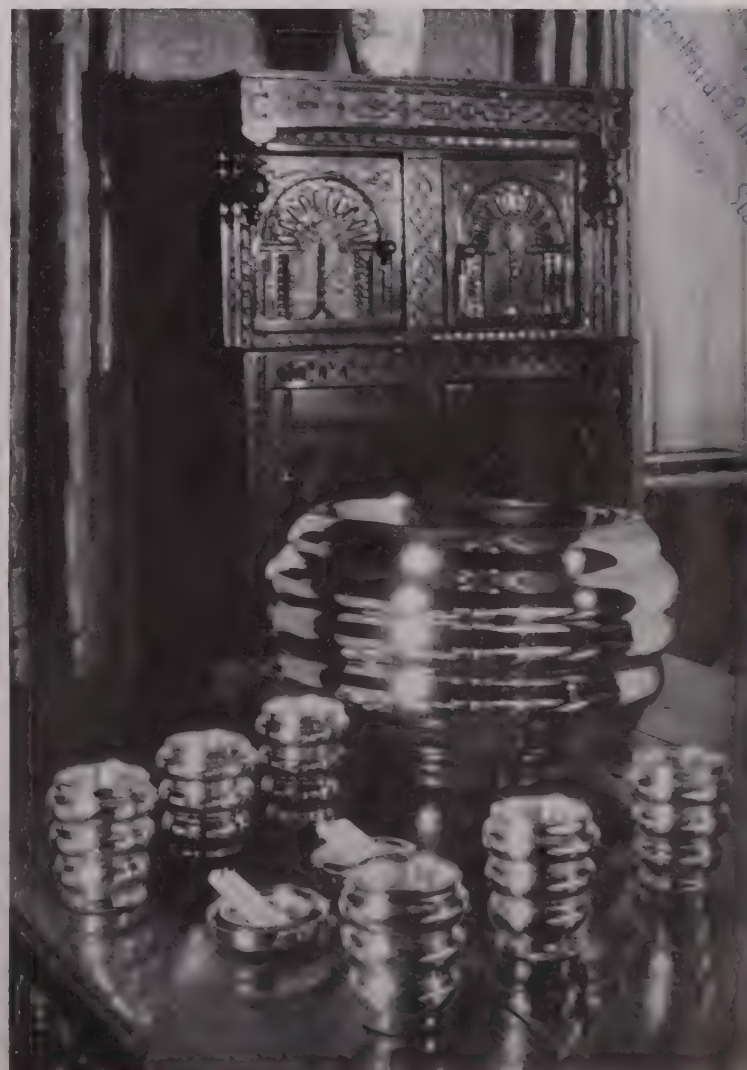


reservoir on a freezing day, or an afternoon of skating or hitching, or a midnight drive to the country after the theatre, a nice simple cup of bouillon, or cocoa, or hot lemonade, or a piping hot toddy seems the logical move. But what do we get? Cocktails or a highball—and what's more exactly the same old cocktail or highball as we have had every other of the three hundred and sixty-four days. Why should we be so completely lacking in imagination? Why should we be practically the only cold weather country that insists on having freezing drinks when it's below zero? What has become of the Blue Blazer and the Tom and Jerry—those famous old New York warm-you-ups?

For those who feel it a crime to expend one extra bit of energy may we point out that by having hot drinks this winter they can actually save energy? There are of course some individuals who will spend hours working up a complicated punch or egg-nog with which to wind up an athletic afternoon. Have they ever thought of trying out Vin Gloom, an old Swedish punch that includes orange peels, almonds, raisins, cinnamon sticks, cloves, sugar and port, or a hot Ale Flip, or Mulled Claret, or a Locomotive Hot? Why not revive the Jersey Flashlight (two lumps of sugar, dash of Angostura, one piece lemon peel, one jigger of applejack, hot water, ignite, mix while blazing)?

#### All in readiness for mulled claret

Modern lustre glasses and ashtrays from the Mayhew Shop and a punch bowl from Bruce Butfield are laid in readiness for mulled claret. A recipe for this complicated punch, three spoonfuls of sugar, half a pint of water, five or six cloves, three or four pieces of cinnamon wood, the whole rind of a lemon cut thin, boil, add wine, boil again, serve hot. The beautiful court cupboard is of Elizabethan oak





# The New Language of Flowers



PHOTOGRAPHS BY WHITING-SALZMAN

From a chandelier in an old Venetian house come delicately colored glass flowers mounted by Bruce Buttfield in a classic white iron vase

BY ELEANOR LAY

IF artificial flowers had been what they are today, Duse would never

have insisted on being smothered in real red roses in her Juliet death scene; flower trains would not have rushed at such fabulous expense from the Crimea to St. Petersburg with flowers for a single party; and we would not have had to be dragged, much loth, by our governesses to the Botanical Gardens to have our little minds improved by acquaintance with flora. For the old paper roses that entwined musical comedy bowers and the Japanese blossoms of Atlantic City have been outdone. They have been replaced by giant white peonies that look as if they were still dripping with dew, by roses that even feel like roses, by magnolias as they grow in South Carolina gardens, by poppies with shadowy centers, by white tulips with waxen leaves that droop over the rims of the bowl as naturally as if the gardener had just arranged them there.

There are straw flowers, born in the Wiener Werkstaette, immortals, bead flowers that look as if they had been stolen from French graves, wax calla lilies arranged in stiff, high bouquets in white and gold vases, as in village churches in Italy.



Our grandmothers might have addressed sweet sentiments to this shell bouquet which fits Victorian rooms

A black papier-mâché vase from Bruce Buttfield holds a conventional posy of old-fashioned garden flowers





Blue and white wax hyacinths bloom in stiff and well-mannered rows before a striped Venetian blind, unmindful of whether the sun shines or not—and redeem a window with a distressing lack of view. The old *tôle* flower stand comes from Victorian days, its flowers painted in natural colors on a black ground, enlivened with gold. Flowers from John Gatgen

The white feather Easter Lilies in the picture below bloom as sweetly from a high gold soufflé urn as they might have done before the altar of a little village church in Italy. An old panelled screen placed behind them provides a formal background on which the pattern of their shadows make another decoration. The gold soufflé vase is from Jessie Leach Rector

White feather lilies



Blue and white wax hyacinths



A conventional bouquet of garden flowers



# Outdoor Sports

## Indoors

BY JOHN R. TUNIS

THE ideal indoor sports layout; what should it contain? Not an easy question to answer. But I am going to indicate what I should like if I were building such a structure. First of all, my architect would construct a building for use twelve months in the year, not one to be out of commission from May to October. It ought to be built around an indoor tennis court and contain also a decent sized swimming pool. There should be a squash court which now can be designed so as to be used interchangeably for squash racquets and squash tennis. A bowling alley. A lounge and game room. Dressing rooms. Quarters for the professional. More the ideal sports layout need not include; with less it would not be complete.

The tennis court is the unit of the building; everything is constructed around it. It should be designed by a tennis playing architect who knows the problems of orientation, of heating, lighting, surface and background. If every one of these questions is not correctly



Quaint Victorian ladies, tropical jungles, and long design back of these decorative details which holds

A spacious house for sports has been built on the estate of Mr. Evander B. Schley at Far Hills, New Jersey, by Hyde & Shepherd, architects. At the right is shown one end of the bowling alley which is built underneath the indoor tennis court. The alley is lit by a series of overhead lights all down the colonnade within which the alley is set. At one end are seats for spectators or for players who wish to recuperate between bowls. The house is built against a hill so that while the bowling alley is under the tennis court, one side of it gives on the outside. The dressing rooms are on the same level with the tennis court, and the lounge is on the floor above which looks out upon the court from a little balcony







PHOTO BY ARMYA

This delightful swimming pool was designed by James W. O'Connor for the indoor sports building of Dr. John A. Vietor on his estate at Locust Valley, Long Island. Murals, depicting the sporting antics and the amusing garb of a by-gone day add gaiety and color to the effect

While much care must be exercised in keeping the sunlight off your tennis court, the effect of its beams on your swimming pool is something to be sought. Here, the pool in the sports house of Mr. L. K. Thorne at Bay Shore, Long Island, is lighted by long windows on three sides. This sports house designed by James W. O'Connor

cool colonnades tempt you to play here, but it is the fine structural  
your interest, and delights the heart of every thorough-going sportsman



PHOTO BY GOTTSCHO





Cove Neck Tennis Courts, near Oyster Bay, Long Island, designed by Gavin Hadden, C. E.



PHOTO BY RICHARD AVERILL SMITH

The lounge in the Cove Neck Tennis Courts building, from which vantage point the spectators of the various matches may keep an eye on the games through two large plate glass windows—or rest and smoke before the fireplace

The courts at Cove Neck are in a room of the trajectory type—the ceiling follows the curve of the ball. The crescent-shaped monitor, allowing plenty of light but excluding all direct sunshine, is a novel arrangement

solved the court will be ruined and the building spoiled. My tennis court should be playable the year round. There are many days in early spring and late fall when an outdoor court cannot be used with comfort; there are days in summer when a sudden thunderstorm or a high wind makes play difficult without. But to make an indoor court usable all the time is difficult because of the heat generated by the glass roof of the structure. Mr. James W. O'Connor of New York who has constructed many courts has cleverly solved the problem by an arrangement of doors and windows placed at different levels which furnish a constant air current even during midsummer, thus rendering play possible whatever the temperature outside.

In planning an indoor sports layout it is as important to consider those who are not playing as those who are. A tennis court can accommodate only four persons at one time. Others waiting to play may desire to watch. A gallery or loggia should be built with two stories, for the correct place to watch a game is above and not on a level with the players. This loggia should have direct access to the game room on the second floor, not the least important part of the building. Room should be provided for ping-pong, popular with everyone who plays tennis.

### A thought for sports the year round



PHOTO BY RICHARD AVERILL SMITH





PHOTOGRAPHS BY DRIX DURYEA

## Comfort for both spectator and player

The indoor tennis court in the sports building on the estate of Evander B. Schley. This sports building was erected on the foundations of an old barn, but it was possible to orient the court so that from eleven to six o'clock in the winter time there is no direct sunlight on it. This court is seldom used in the summer. Below is the gentlemen's dressing room, the comfortable armchairs upholstered in bright red leather to match the red hangings. The floor of polished brown cork contrasts with the white walls



Antique plaster, beamed with rafters from an old barn, finishes the spacious game room of the Schley sports house. The hangings are very brilliant yellow with blue braid and tassels, and the upholstery is bourette in Italian blue. Decorated by Dan Cooper



# Come to Breakfast at Twelve

THIS IS ABOUT THE NEWEST TYPE OF SUNDAY PARTY,  
ESPECIALLY POPULAR WITH OUR BACHELOR HOSTS

BY WILLIAM B. POWELL

THE world and his wife may picture a bachelor's breakfast as consisting of a glass of Eno's and a cup of coffee. But you'd be surprised to learn what a ritual the day's first meal has become in the lives of the lads who love single blessedness. I mean real breakfasts—parties in fact. They're even going in for them in a big way on Sundays, the day you'd expect to find them (at least the sort of bachelor pictured in song and story) pacing the floor with heads wrapped in ice packs, not daring to look at a guest.

Yes, the Sunday morning breakfast—perhaps *déjeuner* would be a more appropriate name—is taking its place with those other favorite functions of this day and age—cocktail-dinner parties, and after-theatre suppers. It isn't only in New York (where on Sunday life doesn't begin until noon) that these parties are in vogue—you find the clans gathering together to break bread on the Sabbath around Princeton, Philadelphia, Westport, Cleveland, out in Hollywood—in fact, it seems to have taken hold all over.

One reason why people are entertaining more and more in this fashion is because ours is an informal age—and breakfasts are probably the most informal sort of party one can give. If it's summer, your guests are apt to arrive in pajamas. At places such as Southampton, Bar Harbor, Malibu Beach, and Miami, pajamas are worn over bathing suits (although they're probably only trunks as far as the men are concerned) so that after breakfast, the guests can go onto the beach and lie around for an hour to digest their waffles and sausage before diving into the water. Even in winter, at breakfast parties in New York, some of the women guests arrive in pajamas—but of the lounging variety.

Bachelors vary in their ideas as to what are the most essential elements in throwing a Sunday breakfast. Some say—"put the Sunday paper in their hands, feed 'em and let 'em alone". Others say—"serve hot coffee the first thing—and plenty of it". But most bachelor hosts claim that the first thing to make your party go is an eye-opener—and they very definitely mean something stronger than a mere tomato juice cocktail. This business of what to have as an eye-opener at eleven or twelve in the morning is a subject which deserves going into by itself. Nearly everyone agrees that the ideal thing to serve is a champagne cocktail. But few of us in these days can afford such nectar. Next, old fashioned seem to be considered effective matutinal drinks—and for those who have had a hard night and need something more gentle with which to treat their tummies, there's a concoction much favored by the French and highly recommended by most of the bartenders of the French Line boats

—Porto Flips. They consist of port and egg, a little cream and sugar. After the mixture is well shaken and iced, you sprinkle some cinnamon on top just as a final gesture of tempting your palate. Last summer, when I ordered such

a drink down in Peru, at the Bolivar Hotel in Lima, the knowing bartender added a touch of his own to the recipe I've just given—a dash of benedictine.

Speaking of benedictine, here is a drink that some Sunday hosts swear works wonders with wobbly guests. It has a hearty name—a "Builder-Upper"—after Jimmy Durante. It was invented by Tony (of course our New York harbors thousands of Tonys who run



PHOTO BY WHITING-SALZMAN



speakeasies—but my particular Tony is the one on West 52nd Street where everyone who is anyone, from Sutton Place to Broadway, gathers every night after the theatre). To evolve a Builder-Upper, you do the following: first, take the tallest glass you can find and put a couple of pieces of ice in it, around which you have twirled a long lemon peel as for a Horse's Neck. Then put in some cognac and a little benedictine (just enough to take the curse off) then fill up the glass with ginger ale—and it lives up to its name, *mes amis*.

In the South, the morning drink is apt to be either mint julep or egg-nog but, if you find yourself without bourbon for the former or rum for the latter (of course you can make them both with lowly gin, but they're not recommended) you might try another cream drink, which type is apparently very soothing in the morning—an Alexander. An Alexander is, as you probably know, made of equal parts of gin, *crème de cocoa*, and cream. But, enough of drinks for the moment. Let's get on to the subject of what our breakfasting bachelors are offering to their guests in the way of food this season.

The first one I think of is Monroe Douglas Robinson who acquired the breakfast party idea while he was liv-

ing in Paris not so long ago. His parties now in New York have more of an English than a French air about them, as you will discover by looking at the photograph of his serving table. In fact, a close survey shows that Mr. Robinson has a definitely cosmopolitan turn of mind. Surrounding the lovely old English coffee urn and warming dishes are plates of biscuits from Britain, Swedish bread, Holland rusks, and the Lazy Susan is loaded with honeys from Syria, Greece, and the Holy Land. The marmalade is made of Seville oranges, but put up at Oxford (and, he proudly tells you, is "vintage"!).

Talking to Mr. Robinson in the photograph is the Earl of Gosford, who has often regaled me for long stretches with tales of breakfasts he has had all over the globe. I especially remember his description of kedjeree he used to have out in India when he was in the Army and such English fare as fried sole, devilled chicken bones (I assume he got a few scraps of meat with them), and tiny Scotch scones which, his Lordship warns, are much more digestible if they're not served hot (Southerners' claims to the contrary).

A while back I referred to Alexander cocktails, which now leads me to speak of Alexander Woolcott. From October to April, this host has for years given breakfasts on Sunday at his charming apartment hanging over the East River. His guests are apt to arrive as early as eleven o'clock—and as late as four! Naturally, for such elastic hours, the breakfast has to be planned so that service can be equally elastic. Therefore, Mr. Woolcott's manservant wisely doesn't make preparations that are too elaborate, never knowing whether the guests will number five or fifty. He keeps large quantities of orange juice in readiness, likewise great pans of bacon already broiled, on the warmer. A coffee urn stands on the library table, which makes it easy for guests to fill their own beakers. Eggs are scrambled as each guest arrives. Mr. Woolcott receives in lounging pajamas and, like all good hosts, lets his guests do as they darn please. Eventually, they usually divide up in groups, playing backgammon, parcheesi, or anagrams—bridge being too much of a strain for a party where relaxa- (Continued on page 61)



While waiting for his other guests Monroe Douglas Robinson exchanges the international gossip of the day with the first arrival, the Earl of Gosford, who is enjoying a beaker of coffee (and we've never seen a bigger one) from Mr. Robinson's handsome old English urn. The table is set most ingratiatingly with the rarest of antique silver, with fine china, and such good things as only an epicurean bachelor would think to provide





Rough "holland" brick, oak beams and cast lead drains



A more elaborate, especially designed lead drain head, on half timber walls

## OUR ARCHITECTS

Prentice Sanger looks to the architectural grace  
work, wood-carving and doorways in the home



The graceful curves of the wrought-iron stair rail and newel post, in antique finish, balance an iron grille, not shown in this picture, on the opposite side of the hall, between the hall and a long gallery. The house itself follows the design of an English country place of the Surrey type, and all the details of decoration carry out that theme. The murals are effectively placed

PHOTOGRAPHS BY VAN ANDA







Doorway leading into the music room from the gallery. The hand which is carved in the broken pediment holds a sheet of music



At the opposite end of the gallery, this smaller door balances the larger one

## MAKE DETAILS IMPORTANT

notes, as well as to the main theme, in his treatment of metal

of Mr. and Mrs. Howard Coonley, of Milton, Massachusetts

On the left: A corner of the large music room, designed to accommodate the Boston Symphony octet, which often plays for Mr. Coonley in his home. The door shown is the music room side of the same entrance pictured directly above on this page. The walls are hand-wrought plaster, and the woodwork is of richly carved pine

Arches and walls paneled in English deal are the outstanding details of the library. The hearth and fireplace facing is of Verde Antique marble. The woodwork in the library and that in the music room was executed to Mr. Sanger's design by Herman Meltzer, and the two doorways in the long gallery shown at the top of the page were designed by Davenport, Brown and Company





# A Prologue to Beauty



To have within reach all the necessary bath accessories and numerous creams and lotions with which to pat and putter, greatly adds to the luxurious enjoyment of the bath. The tub-side table is a most convenient and charming adjunct to this Empire bathroom. The soft glow from the white shaded lamp is a restful change from the bright lights of the wall fixtures. Unusual Empire apothecary jars hold bath oils and cream. The soap bouquet and the white Pompeian bath salts jar and pomade boxes, Au Bain

Jubilee jars and a Britannic lion soap dish for a Victorian bathroom, with prim Trafalgar whatnot and period lotion bottles. Mayhew Inc., Au Bain, Blanche Storrs. Wallpaper Thibaut





Glass furniture, whether period or contemporary, is particularly appropriate and delightful for the boudoir or dressing room. An unusually fine Directoire panel, engraved with satyr and nymph, was the motif inspiring the design of the mirrored cosmetic cabinet. With exception of the top panel, the glass sheathing the cabinet is modern, engraved with decorative Directoire figures. Edward Hald of Orrefors designed the distinctive perfume decanters and powder bowl. Elsie De Wolfe and Lenthéric Salon

The variety of towels is ever increasing. To follow the leisurely warm bath there are softly napped bath sheets and towels and for a brisk rub down after a shower, rougher towels of various sizes and weaves. To guest towels have been added those ridiculously dainty finger tip creations. The problem of where to place conveniently these necessary stacks of linen is charmingly solved by this newly designed towel table shown on the left page. Here the glistening quality of the glass and chromium table, the silver luster bath salts urns and powder bowl is striking against blue mirrored walls. From McMillen Inc., Ovington and Saks

LOVELIER AND MORE CONVENIENT APPOINTMENTS  
MARK THE RETURN OF A MORE LEISURELY TOILETTE

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WHITING-SALZMAN



Although perhaps more concentrated than in the past, the fine art of enjoying leisure is not quite lost. A most restful siesta is suggested by the ample Louis Seize chaise longue. Upholstered in white cotton velvet, it is both luxurious and practical.

The pillows are also white, edged in eggplant. The simple sophistication of the group is accented by the French perfume flasks and artificial magnolias. Grey and white striped wallpaper is a striking feature of this small boudoir. R. H. Macy



# SHIRLEY ON THE "ROYAL" JAMES

BY BARBARA TRIGG BROWN

The oldest and one of the most aristocratic of the fine plantations on Virginia's historic river



THIS is the story of Shirley, with a word about its fame and beauty. In 1611, Sir Thomas Dale, Governor of the Virginia Colony, "distributed certain lands to individuals to encourage industry and order," and he it was who laid out and gave the title to the Shirley plantation, for old records of the year 1611 refer to "Shirley plantation." In 1660, the estate was granted to Colonel Edward Hill, a member of the House of Burgesses. His granddaughter married the Honorable John Carter, a son of Robert (King) Carter, of Corotoman on the Rappahannock River, and through her, Shirley became Carter property. The women of Shirley have written some of the finest pages of the Carter history, so it seems but fitting that a woman should have brought them their famous home. The Carters have owned it ever since, and the plantation has never been for sale. Shirley is situated on a bluff overlooking the

PHOTOGRAPHS BY FRANCES BENJAMIN JOHNSTON

Symbols of glorious and peaceful old age, the great trees and magnificent box hedges create here a year-'round beauty. To leave the house, seen behind the trees, and enter the garden, and stroll along its box-bordered sun-checked paths, is to feel the eternal content, the undisturbed tranquillity, that is the great charm of these Colonial homes. Shirley garden follows the earliest Colonial pattern, planted half in flower beds and half in fruits, vegetables and herbs, from which the housewife made the physics for her household





James River, about thirty miles below Richmond. Surrounded by magnificent trees, the lawn is clear from the river to the house, which can be seen plainly from the river boats. Until the twentieth century, and indeed, well into it, the river way was the way to Shirley. Guests and friends arrived at the little wharf, walked or drove along the orchard lane to the entrance gates. Facing this landward side is the main entrance to the house, though like other great homes of this period there is no front or back. At each end (*Continued on page 63*)



The fine old fireplace in the drawing room at Shirley, with its arabesque decoration of oak leaves and acorns. Over the antique mantel are the St. Memim portraits of the Carter family



The free hung stairway in the great entrance hall of Shirley is probably not surpassed in beauty anywhere in the South. At the top of the stair is the portrait of "Aunt Pratt," whose ghost is still said to haunt the rooms of Shirley

One of the most beautiful doors in the Shirley house, with its finely carved pediment and frame. At the left are portraits of Charles Carter and his handsome wife, Anne Butler Moore II





An Italian pottery after-dinner coffee service, both entertaining and useful, inscribed with Talleyrand's famous recipe for making the most perfect black coffee. This is from Ovington's

Service and dinner plates



Italian pottery after-dinner coffee service



English china tea service for six

PHOTOGRAPHS BY WHITING-SALZMAN

This delightful Booth's china tea service has a crackle cream-colored surface with pale green bands and nasturtiums. It includes all the dainty touches that add so much to the enjoyment of the English tea hour, even to the four leaf-shaped jam dishes and marmalade jar. With it are shown green handled teaspoons. Courtesy Alice H. Marks

The service plate, at the top, of John Maddock English china, combines Cobalt blue and orange. This with the Abbeyville pattern, in black, green and yellow, and a center flower motif, are from Theodore Haviland. The ivory-toned "Terrace" pattern, latest achievement in Lenox china, and the silver luster and blue Wedgwood plate are Ovington's. Gray French pottery with silver lustre saw-tooth bands from Mrs. Ehrich

CHINA DESIGNS



This colorful and interesting set of service plates includes twenty-six hunting scenes by Paul Brown, depicted in full color on Lenox china. These are carried out with fidelity to the live action of rider and horse. They may be banded with gold or with owner's stable or hunt club colors. From Wm. H. Plummer



Service plates with hunting scenes

That relish dishes of the moment assume generous proportions as their popularity increases, is evident from this French ivory-toned china server with a chromium and ebony handle. Bonwit Teller. Equally ample is the flowered, French faience dish with natural colorings on white. Rich & Fisher. The blue and white covered dishes within a wooden container are for hot hors d'œuvres. Alice H. Marks. The modern leaf dishes of Lenox china. Olivette Falls



Relish dishes in variety

The newest china decoration has gone wandering afield and has ceased to conform to unbroken services of repeated design, carried out in every detail. Great independence is shown in decoration, conforming to individual taste, rather than to definite period motifs. This has made possible a number of attractively decorated dishes and services, from which may be selected just what is required for a particular

occasion. In this, the hunting plates, illustrated, are notable, and the relish dishes that have come so strongly into vogue with the popularity of the buffet supper and the private bar. They, in fact, have kept pace with the glasses that offer so wide a choice for cocktails and highballs. Even the hot hors d'œuvres, such as the tiny, inch-long sausage and the many cheese delicacies, are provided for with covered dishes

ASSUME GAIETY AND ABANDON



# "I'll Meet You at the Hangar"

WHERE PILOTS TAKE OFF IN STREAMLINE PLANES FOR  
DINNER IN NEW YORK OR A HUNT BREAKFAST IN VIRGINIA

BY PAULINE DE SENEZ

"I'LL meet you at the hangar at four-thirty," I said.

"But my dear child," protested the young man. He was a cautious young man of New England.

"At the hangar," I said emphatically, "at four-thirty." And hung up.

I arrived at the local airport puffing, just the least bit, you understand, a chipper little hat tilted crookedly over one eye and the other eye on the clock. The young man was already waiting in the hangar, looking very dignified, very disapproving, and on the whole very New Englandish.

"Come on," I called, "I want to make this in a half hour." We had an impressive date for tea sixty miles away.

The plane was standing on the runway, its motor purring rhythmically, its propeller revolving to a quick staccato beat. It was bright and nicely streamlined.

The young man looked it over. "I say," he murmured, "you are not going to fly this ship alone, are you?" I suspect that somehow he thought it beneath

his dignity and most assuredly not safe to fly with me dressed for a tea party. I didn't look like a pilot. I should have been swathed in traditional leather or completely hidden by a great, fat flying suit. Moreover, his expression made me feel as though I could not possibly be quite right in my mind if I were going to *fly* to a tea party. Whoever had heard of such foolishness or such lack of balance or—well, whatever it is that they say in Vermont?

"Listen," I reasoned as I climbed into the cockpit, "you would let me *drive* you to Ellen's, wouldn't you? And think nothing of it? Well, I'm going to *fly* you over instead." Not too eloquent, I thought, but it will do. Without more to-do, I taxied the ship into the wind, and in less than two minutes we had climbed smoothly over a mass of telegraph poles and grey roofs with our nose pointing directly southward and the altimeter at fifteen hundred feet.

Have you ever flown over yellow valleys and a hundred farms with pink orchards in the neat patterns of your grandmother's patch-work quilt? Or over winding concrete highways that seem like a nightmare on a Sunday (Continued on page 60)

After a few hours flying, Mrs. Grover Loring entertains for tea at the Long Island Aviation Country Club. Henry S. Satterlee, jr., and Miles H. Vernon are her guests, the latter telling of adventures with his fast biplane

Mrs. Roy A. Rainey, jr., a noted horsewoman of Long Island, rides to the meet via sky ways. Whether she is hunting with the hounds or riding in a show, she flies to her destination in her plane

Tea at the Long Island Aviation Country Club





Miss Jessamine Goddard uses her cabin Monocoupe to pay informal visits on Long Island or to fly to the best duck shooting preserves in the South. Mrs. A. Felix duPont, jr., arriving at the Fall Aviation Meet. Mrs. duPont is one of the most enthusiastic young matrons who turn their planes to social uses

Miss Jessamine Goddard



PHOTO BY STARLIGHT SERVICE

Mrs. A. Felix duPont, jr.

The wife of the famous Russian war ace, Mrs. Alexander P. de Seversky, flies in her own ship, with its charging steer, insignia of the United States Amateur Air Pilots Association, for a weekend to Lake Placid or across several states to Palm Beach

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JONES & LANGER



Mrs. Alexander P. de Seversky

Mrs. Roy A. Rainey, jr.





# Our Apartments Keep up with Us

OLD AND NEW, THEY ARE BEING  
POURED IN A NEW SOCIAL MOLD

IT ISN'T our job to cry "Whither?

Whither?" Leave that to the prophet Jeremiah and Mr. Walter Lippmann. But we can't help noticing a thing or two about apartments, as we percolate from cocktail party to buffet supper and back again. And since our ideas of what is desirable or even necessary in living arrangements have undergone several radical changes in the past few years, there is nothing surprising about the fact that apartments strive valiantly to keep up with us.

If there is one place the Bard went particularly wrong, it was in that speech about old custom making this life more sweet. Of course there were no apartments in Stratford or he wouldn't have said it. We are all familiar with the old apartment house custom of closets the size of wren's houses, closets that bulge out into the



520 East Eighty-sixth Street

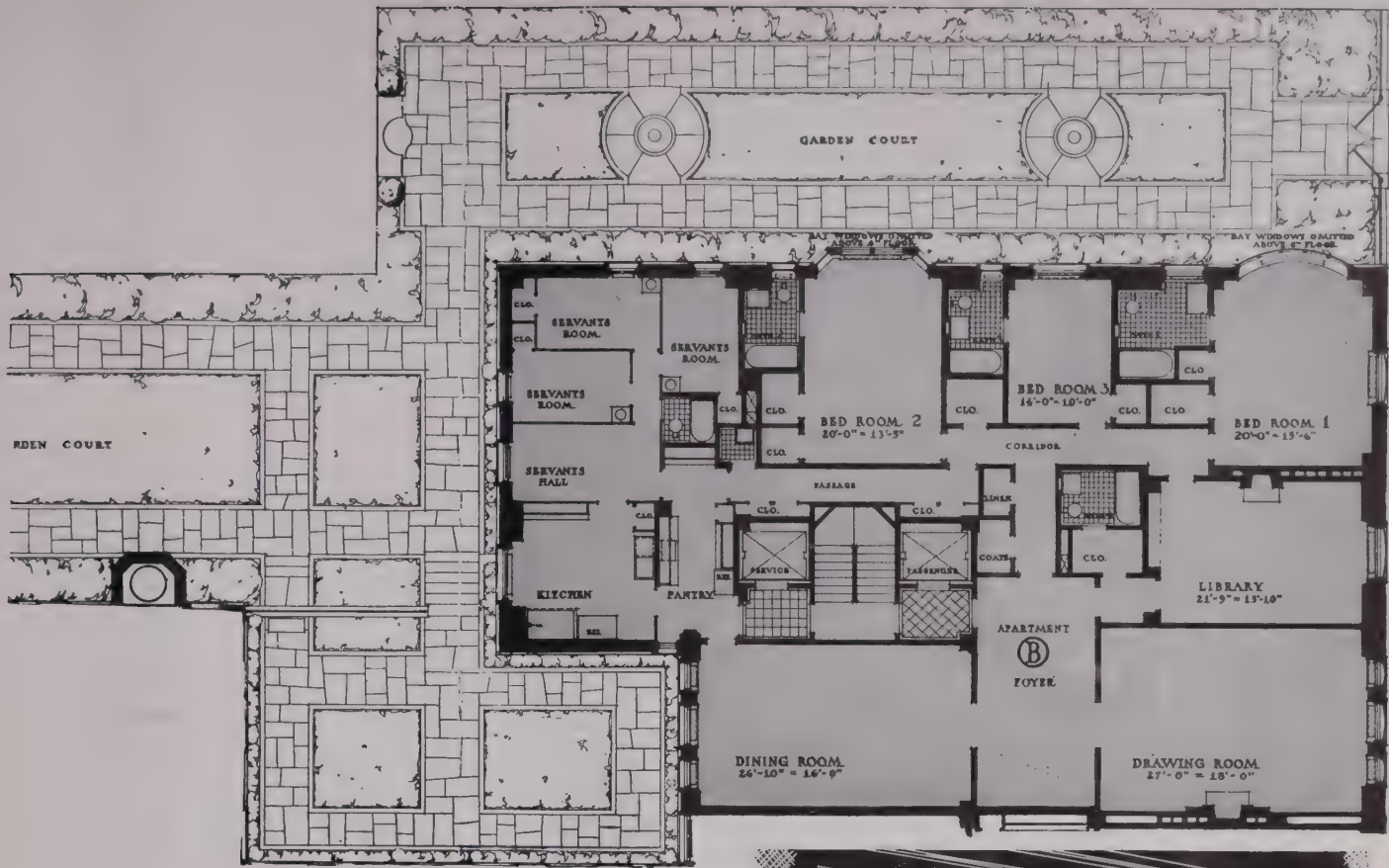
One of the new Vincent Astor apartments at 520 East 86th Street, planned to meet modern living requirements with a smile. Aside from its well-thought-out arrangement, there are windows which face the four points of the compass, a large loggia looking south, bay windows, and Carl Schurz Park and the East River around the corner. Charles A. Platt was the architect

The penthouse represents New York at its apex in more ways than one, and this one at 1165 Fifth Avenue looks down on Central Park and the skyline below from its spacious terraces. It is particularly attractive because of the large living room, convenient dressing room and coat room arrangement for guests off the reception hall, the two baths and dressing rooms to the master bedroom, the second floor solarium which may be used as a recreation or a game room. J. E. R. Carpenter, architect, Pease and Elliman, agents

The penthouse at 1165 Fifth Avenue



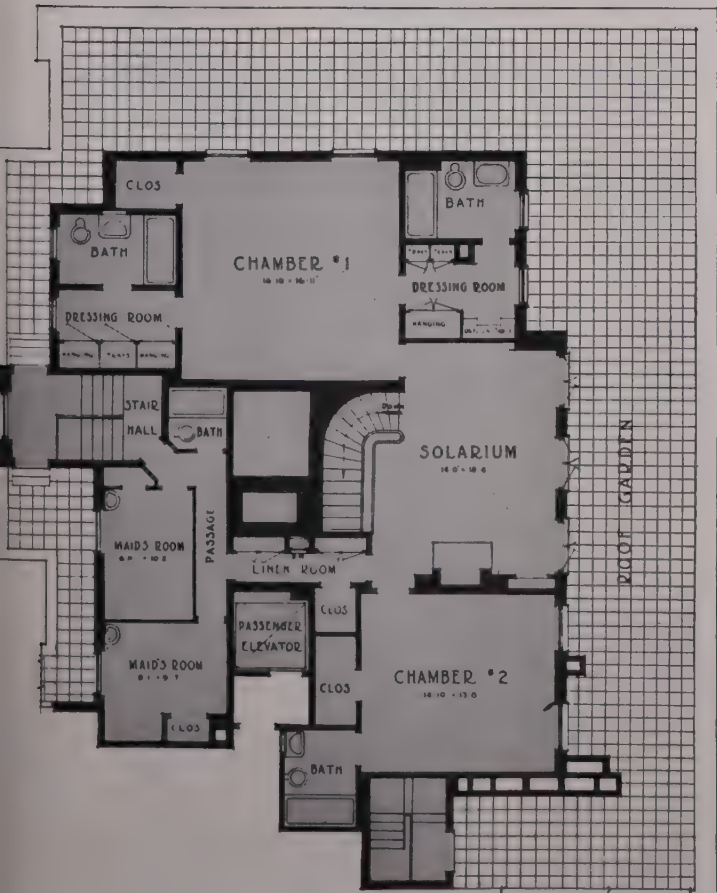




One-Twenty East End Avenue has had a medal pinned on its chest "for excellence of plan", and the particular apartment we have shown here was chosen mainly because of the wide sweep through drawing room, foyer and dining room, and for the charming view of Hell Gate Bridge and the River seen from the bay window in the corner bedroom. It is also a Vincent Astor property, Charles A. Platt, architect



The second floor of the penthouse



FIFTH AVENUE

room, and the sweet old custom of no closets at all. We know the quaint belief builders used to have that four walls made a living room, no matter how little space they put between those four walls. And then the odd optimism which tacked on strings of maids' rooms and service quarters like the tail of a kite.

Little by little, apartments are being poured into the new social mold. The most recently constructed houses have been planned with all the don'ts and most of the do's in mind. It is easy to be ideal when you build from the bottom up, and the floor plans included here of some of the newer houses speak for themselves. The living rooms are large and well arranged for entertaining. There are guest coat closets and powder rooms; there are terraces and windows with a view; adequate but not appallingly ex-





Before remodelling

These two floor plans show an apartment at 125 East Sixty-third Street before and after taking, so to speak. The triplicate of small rooms becomes a large living room and normal size bedroom, while the dining-room may become a second bedroom. The maid's room may be used as a small dining room. Sugerman and Berger are architects, and Douglas L. Elliman, agent

After remodelling



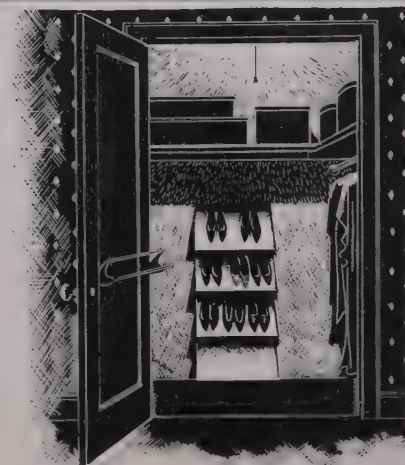
New Yorkers have developed a new technique of entertaining, and homes reflect the casual note

tensive service quarters, cross ventilation and everywhere the last word in modern equipment.

And what of the maturer houses? They are having their faces lifted in dozens of ways, to keep in step with the times. Better arrangement, fewer and larger rooms, more and bigger closets, less space for dining rooms and service quarters, seem to be the formula. And just how well it can be made to work is illustrated by the "before" and "after" floor plans of an apartment at 125 East Sixty-third Street. Here the living room was made twice its original size by tearing out the partition between it and a bedroom, and throwing the two together. The dining room was converted into a bedroom with minor alterations and the erstwhile maid's room may become a small dining room. At 383 Park Avenue practically the same major operation was

Palaces in kingdom come are all right, but in New York the cry is closets, more closets. The two here are at 212 East Forty-eighth Street in an apartment renovated by Mrs. Tuckerman Draper. The bedroom closet was made twice its original size; it is painted shell pink and fitted with built-in shoe racks

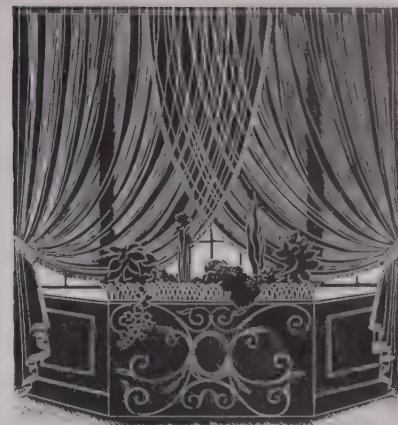
The living room closet is one of a pair made by the clever device of bringing the side walls out flush with the front of the chimney. Deep shelves on one side make excellent storage space for various assorted unsightliness. Brown, Wheelock; Harris, agents. Sugerman and Berger, architects





A carelessly placed radiator, slightly lop-sided, and a rather unprepossessing view was the inspiration for this wrought iron screen for the heating apparatus, designed by Mrs. Thornley, decorator. It has an asbestos top and flowers behind a wire decoration grow up to meet the draperies

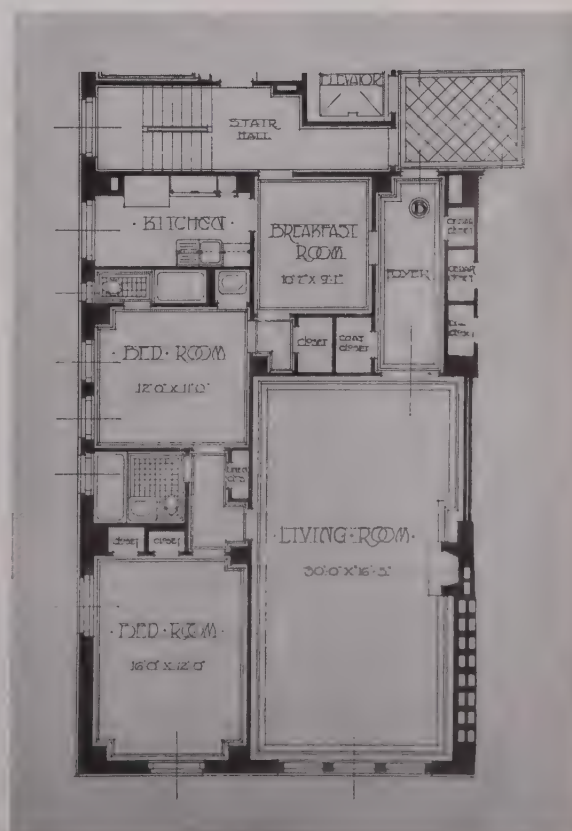
With an old post-Civil War house in East Fortieth Street for a starter, Eric Gugler, architect, has created this charming vista by tearing out the entire wall on one side, and replacing it with a steel and glass framework. Two columns give the effect of a solarium, and a garden is seen beyond



performed with excellent results, only there three rooms were thrown together to make a living room, and one of the closets with a double door was equipped as a bar.

The closet problem, by the way, deserves a whole treatise to itself. It seems to increase yearly—perhaps because we have so much more to hide than any architect of a decade ago ever suspected. Over at 212 East Forty-eight Street I think I have seen the closet poser solved at last in two apartments decorated by Mrs. Tuckerman Draper. In one place they flattened out the living room wall flush with the front of the chimney and put a long, narrow closet on either side of the fireplace. A closet in the living room is a blessing most of us have only vaguely considered, (*Continued on page 61*)

Although he did these apartments several years ago, the architect, Louis E. Jallarde, must have been touched with the gift of prophecy, for they are extremely clear-cut examples of what modern life demands of a small apartment these days. A spacious living room, open fireplace, a small dining room, and copious closets—one cedar-lined. 26 East Thirty-sixth Street. Brown, Wheelock; Harris & Company





# Broadway Up to Date

Eva Le Gallienne's company triumphs in "Alice in Wonderland"—Katharine Cornell's fine acting redeems a poor play—Ina Claire is gayly grand in the new Guild show

As Marion Froude in "Biography," Ina Claire creates a character with intelligence, radiant charm, and an Old World sophistication. Playing with her is the extremely amusing Helen Salinger in the character of Minnie. "Biography" has made a great success at the Guild Theatre, and may have a winter's run

BY BENJAMIN DeCASSERES

## ALICE IN WONDERLAND

THERE is Magic down on Fourteenth Street such as I have not found in the theatre for many years. It is Eva Le Gallienne's and Florida Frieбус' adaptation of Lewis Carroll's immortal pieces of fantastic nonsense, "Alice in Wonderland" and "Through the Looking Glass." I have made these mad books my own for many years; but never did I dream that I would see Alice, Humpty-Dumpty, the March Hare, the White Chess Queen, the Cheshire Cat, the Mad Hatter and all the other famous persons of the Carroll masterpieces materialize before me with such uncanny reality, luminous precision and fidelity to the drawings of Tenniel as passed in procession on the stage of the Civic Repertory Theatre. It was to live in my own dream. This production is not only one of the most perfect things of the modern stage but it is something that ought to run forever—or, at least, until every one in New York has seen it.

Where to begin in this maze of delight? Why, with the extraordinary portrayal of Alice by Josephine Hutchinson, of course. She played the part of a little lost girl in Topsy-Turvy Land with all a little girl's mannerisms—her archness, her wide-eyed surprise, her infantile ignorance, her fairy-like agility. It is a great piece of acting. The illusion, aided by perfect mechanical contraptions, of a little child dream-lost is perfect. It's a pity that Lewis Carroll and Sir John Tenniel could not see Josephine Hutchinson as Alice. But they were there, in a sense—looking through our startled eyes.

Joseph Schildkraut was an uproariously funny and provocative Queen of Hearts; Eva Le Gallienne as the White Chess Queen was whirled around in the air to make us all quiver with joy and fear; the March Hare of Donald Cameron, the Mad Hatter of Landon Herrick and the Dormouse of Burgess Meredith (what a side-splitting party they gave!) were superb. Florida Frieбус herself was the grinning Cheshire Cat (the Mona Lisa of the animal world). In fact, every character you know in "Alice" was here, in gorgeous costumes and masks by Irene Sharaff, with more than good music by Richard Addinsell.

There was glory for everyone in the forty-four parts. And the teamwork was perfect. It is the one play in New York where I find nothing to criticize. There are only cheers for the genius (veritable genius!) of Eva Le Gallienne and Florida Frieбус in conceiving and executing something that might well have flopped in less competent hands and for the wan beauty and profoundly intelligent (*Continued on page 56*)







PHOTOGRAPHS BY VANDAM

Lynn Fontanne, Noel Coward and Alfred Lunt at the amusing climax of Noel Coward's new play, "Design for Living"

The complications of "Goodbye Again" close in around Osgood Perkins. With him are Katherine Squire and Leslie Adams







PHOTO BY VANDAMM

Harald Kreutzberg in one of the most beautiful poses of his dance, "Gloria in Excelsis." After the conclusion of his engagement at Radio City in New York, where he gave the American première of his "The Angel of Fate," Mr. Kreutzberg goes to California where he will open a school for the ballet. He expects to present a ballet from his school

Shan-Kar has shown us dancing as imaginative and amazing in its creation and technique as the acting of that other extraordinary Oriental, Mei-Lan-Fang. In "The Snake Charmer," the most unusual and Oriental of any of his dances, there were times when his whole body expressed the fearsome, poisonous essence of the snake. Shan-Kar and his dancers were presented in New York by S. Hurok

India and Germany present the most significant male dancers this season





# MUSIC AND DANCING IN PARIS

BY JANET FLANNER

THIS has been no season for the tone-deaf. In common public concert halls, in elegant private salons, there has been more music—more good music—than Paris has heard in many winters or maybe ever wants to hear again, if it intends getting anything else done. There have been first auditions of new works by half of the important living European composers including Hindemith, Auric, Markéwitch, Prokofieff and Stravinski. There have even been important first auditions of the important European dead, including Mozart (Symphony in F major) and Berlioz, as a boy, via a not very important and juvenile manuscript recently discovered here. However, Stravinski's new *duo concertant* and the original version of the Berlin-produced opera, "Mahagonny," by the Viennese, Kurt Weill, were indubitably the most fashionable musical items of the middle year since before being given their public hearing, both were first privately played in the salons of the Princesse de Polignac and the Vicomtesse de Noailles, respectively, these two evenings constituting the most important soirées of the winter. (Parisian hostesses no longer give dinners; they give *duos*.)

The Stravinski opus, written for and played with amazing memory by the American fiddler, Sam Dushkin, with Stravinski at the piano, was of particular interest since it was the new star piece on the first Paris programme to demonstrate Stravin-

ski's idea of what he opines the touring concert of today must rationally consist of. Which is next to nothing, so great is his economic intelligence. According to him, the ideal concert must have (a) no deficit, (b) give people what they want, (c) be modern. His personal solution therefore is (a) two-instrument music which does away with the costly transportation of an orchestra, since Dushkin can carry his violin under his arm and both he and Stravinski may carry their programme in their heads, avoiding luggingscores, (b) himself at the piano though he is surprised that people like to hear him play and (c) his own compositions or transcriptions.

With the Opéra Comique recently closed for six months because of virtual bankruptcy, with orchestras too ill-funded to rehearse, and one, formerly the best in town, whose musicians continue to play for love rather than for money, Stravinski's example must come as a staggeringly simple and sensible solution to one phase of the present music-crisis.

The overwhelming success of the Vicomte-Vicomtesse de Noailles' presentation, at their public Sérénade Concert, of the original nucleus of Weill's socialistic opera, "Mahagonny," must have startled no less than gratified those noble patrons, since when his Beggar's Opera music was heard here several years ago at the Théâtre Montparnasse's valiant but villainous performance, theirs were not among the common appreciative ears to hail his talent, now the rage. Nor did they even know, two days before the "Mahagonny" troupe's arrival here, what to expect, as their cautious announcements showed. What they got was a ten foot wooden platform with a rope around, like a boxing ring; one spotlight, two empty whiskey glasses, some bar stools, one stout German male quartette without make-up and Fräulein Lotte Lenja in a black tailor-made and pink satin slippers, as a *fille de joie*. Fräulein Lenja has an unimportant, unforgettable common voice (Continued on page 63)



Lifar, in the new ballet of "Sur le Borysthène" which he is dancing at the Paris Opéra, sketched by Tchelitchev

Costume sketches by Goncharova for Prokofieff's "Sur le Borysthène"



Music lovers in Paris are hearing the first auditions of half the important living European composers



# THE ARTS IN NEW YORK

BY LOUIS KALONYME

There is a precise substance in "Belvédère," Jean Lurçat's abstraction of terrace, boat and water; a French watering-place gaiety is combined with the wistfulness celebrated by Marcel Proust in his memories of Balbec from "À la Recherche du Temps Perdu"

In Noguchi's head of Angna Enters he is beginning to show authority, not so much a lightness as a classic impression of a face which is a mask, in which Noguchi has caught that intense sensibility, tragic and comic, that sparkles in Angna Enters' theatre

"Belvédère," by Jean Lurçat. Shown at the Valentine Galleries



"Angna Enters," sculptured by Noguchi, Reinhardt Galleries



The French and American arts of life as celebrated by Matisse, Picasso & Co., and also Thomas Benton

JUST now the phrase goes: "Fifty million Frenchmen can't be right!" But this phrase applies only to international finance. The best French painting just can not be wrong, as five of Fifth Avenue's art halls demonstrated right into the New Year. Even when the French are saying nothing in paint they say it well. Whether "modern" as Matisse or "old-fashioned" as Watteau they are always saying something recognizable as "French." In that characteristic something is concentrated the essence of the endless French preoccupation with the good physical life,

and what persuasive hedonists the French are, especially mine host Matisse. Nothing could more emphasize the spiritual chasm which separates that tangible physical world from our own American pioneer one in, say, the new murals by Thomas Benton at the Whitney Museum of American Art. That chasm almost explains the French default.

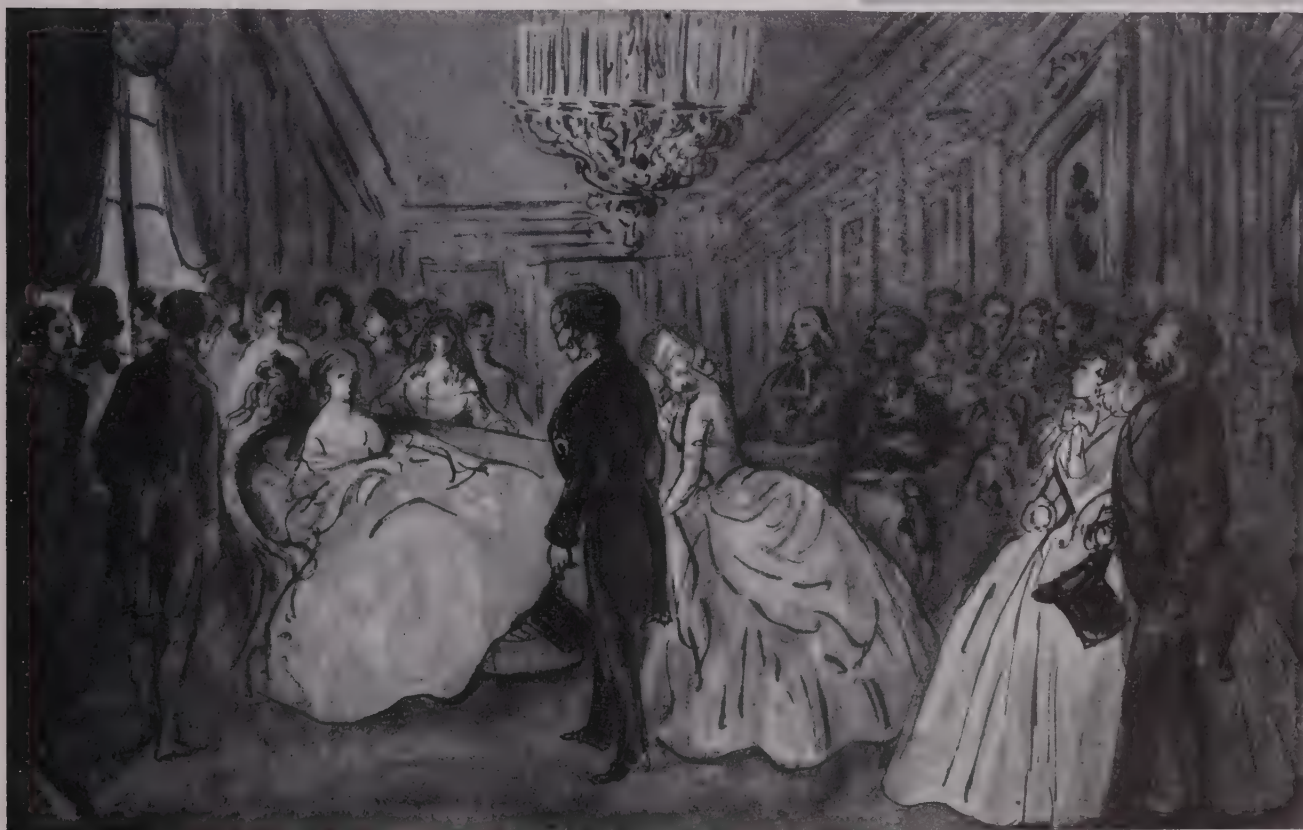
Of the French it never has been possible to say "Easy come, easy go." They are a people whose character is concentrated in the possession and reasonable enjoyment of things—land, food, love, the physical arts of life—and how they hold on to them! This character is reflected in French painting, whether in Matisse or in Chardin, whose paintings the young Matisse copied. Beginning no further back than Delacroix—although we could with equal point have begun with the romantic 18th Century drawings of Watteau and Boucher and Fragonard at the Brummer Galleries—and continuing down through Cour-



bet, Ingres, and Constantin Guys, the last represented in a Kraushaar Galleries' collection, and Degas, Renoir, Manet, Lautrec, Sisley, Seurat, Max Jacob and Odilon Rédon, at the Jacques Seligman Galleries, there is a definite French tradition in this vein alone.

The fact that there have been semi-mystical divagations like those of Odilon Rédon, Puvis de Chavannes, Max Jacob, and Rouault does not affect the general strain. They are what biologists charmingly refer to as sports, in the sense that Edgar Allan Poe is a sport in American literature. Nor is the argument that many contemporary French artists actually are Spanish, Italian, Russian, Dutch, and Japanese to the point. (It could be argued that many American artists are Russian, French, Japanese, or Norwegian.) These Continental artists work in what may be recognizably termed the French tradition, even when they are sniffing around the studios of the African (and other) savages—the "primitive art" caravans from France (and America) now burrowing for Truth and

"Portrait of Marguerite," Prud'hon



Water color by Constantin Guys

PHOTO BY PETER A. JULEY

Light in Mexican and Indian cosmic souls, having sucked Africa dry, and exhausted the thirst of the Western world for this now stale art drink.

If then we bear in mind this French preoccupation with the good physical life, this painting typified by Matisse, Lurçat, Bracque, Derain, Dufy, and even the classic Picasso (at the Valentine Galleries) becomes doubly enjoyable. You can almost taste the pinks out of Persia in Matisse's reclining Odalisques—since you can not taste the Odalisques, for even painting has its limitations. His "La Tasse de Café" painting of an Oriental land's celebration of its precious coffee moment as between maid and mistress is, at first glimpse, so casual as to seem unfinished. A second look discloses as thorough a virtuosic composition of color and design with style as it is impossible to see anywhere today, save in the heroic oils and water colors of John Marin. (Continued on page 58)

In "Portrait of Marguerite" by Pierre Paul Prud'hon (1758-1823) at the Seligman Galleries we see the Prud'hon who was occupied with the ideal feminine. It was in this pasture that Prud'hon's art best flowered

Constantin Guys' ladies were to him an endless and irresistible source of wonder. Their tiny feet, their overflowing bodices, their long legs, never without reassuring curves, their eyes sparkling and so innocent with amorous knowledge, ever remain enticingly feminine. Kraushaar Galleries



# The Initial Effect

OF THE NEWEST MONOGRAMS IS DEFINITELY MODERN

The "Montreux" pattern with the bold square monogram is shown in tan with black, or it may be had with green, orchid, blue or peach bands. Mosse. The tile-bordered set at the right, with the towel initialed, is in shaded blocks of beige, or in pastel colorings. This comes with the linen guest towel, as well as the larger towel matching the chenille mat, bath towels and face cloths. B. Altman. In the center is a set striped in red, white and blue, with the monogram worked in tricolor. Léron. The two-tone set below it has an elongated monogram,

and comes in two shades of mauve and other colors. This set includes six towels, a mat and six face cloths. Maison de Linge. The set at the left has a border of écreu and black stripes, or comes in two-toned green, blue, lavender, peach or pink. To supplement the bath set of two towels, two face cloths and a mat, there are matching linen guest and face towels. James McCutcheon. The monograms, throughout, have been especially designed to add an irresistible touch of smartness and are distinctly individual in character







PHOTOGRAPHS BY WHITING-SALZMAN

## NEW BED LINENS, AND SILKS FOR TRAVELING

The tailored hand-embroidered sheet, the embroidery and *fil tiré* sheet and case, and the square embroidered pillow are from Grande Maison de Blanc. Bed linen sprigged with roses; peach linen sheet and case with *point de Paris*, and ruffled white linen pillow, Léron. The embroidered case at the extreme left center is pale yellow and has a sheet to match. B. Altman. The batiste pillow is peach, and at the extreme right is a peach bead-embroidered percale sheet and one of peach linen appliqué in white. Maison de Linge. The dot-embroidered and scallop-edged Irish linen is McGibbon's. Pastel ribbon tie-bands come from The Closet Shop. The box contains a set of sheets and cases for an invalid in white linen. These are from James McCutcheon

Traveling set enclosed in brown moire case, lined with peach satin. It includes a brown lamb's wool comforter lined with peach; a pillow, and peach crêpe de Chine sheets and pillow cases. Extra colored linen sheets are available. Carlin Comforts





# Common or Garden Talk



## Observations of an Amateur Gardener

BY GAY YOUNG

IN these vexing times Radio City must look back a little wistfully on the calm agricultural days when it was only a botanical garden, with no one saying unkind things about it. Back in 1830, Dr. David Hosack had a very tidy horticultural project under way on the spot where Radio City now stands. It was one of the oldest botanical gardens in this country; the very oldest was started in Philadelphia two hundred years ago. The most ancient botanical garden in the world is in Italy, and the second oldest is at Oxford. Back in the times when there was an herb for every ailment, no self-respecting medical college was considered complete without a botanical garden as one of the major divisions of its laboratory equipment.

THE blossoms of cocoanut trees are decidedly not the type of thing one would scatter about the house as gentle bits of decoration. I saw the unveiling of one of the co-

Orchids lend themselves to dramatic arrangement; their intricate color patterns call for special types of containers, simple in line

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DR. PAUL WOLFF





coanut blooms Kottmiller's have been showing in their shop windows recently. The bud is three or four feet long, and after it is slit the waxy yellow flower inside slowly expands into what looks something, but not very much, like a very huge perverted ear of corn suddenly gone wild. People strolling along Madison Avenue came upon the window display when probably they were thinking of anything in the world but cocoanut blossoms; they were a little alarmed, and rightly, for the huge bloom looks like neither fruit nor flower. It just bursts forth in a mysterious waxy mass which looks as if it might begin spreading around maliciously any minute.

THERE may be those who take a tut-tutish attitude toward the movement which is afoot to select a national tree. Not I. We are a big country now, and it really is high time we had all these matters settled, and turned our national mind to higher things. "Fancy our not having a national tree!" the Life Conservation Society thought guiltily a few months ago. It got busy. California suggested the giant redwood. Mrs. Charles Cyrus Marshall, president of the Society which is championing the tree movement, countered by suggesting almost *anything* but the redwood. She wants to be fair, and hints that redwoods are more Californian than national. Among the trees suggested as appropriate because they are native here, and here alone, are American elm, black walnut, Shagbark hickory, tulip tree, sweet gum, honey locust, beech, birch and the pine. Balloting for the national tree is to be carried on in schools and other organizations until January, 1934. When its time is not too taken up with trees and things, the Life Conservation Society conducts poetry contests; in last year's crop were seventeen hundred poems on George Washington alone.

A leaf and a single anemoneae from a German garden make an arresting composition in this clear glass bowl. Its studied simplicity suggests Japanese arrangement.



IT TAKES about half a century of waiting and considerable cross-pollination to get an original hybrid orchid into form so that it can compete for gold medals with self-assurance. George E. Baldwin spent forty years bringing his *cattleya*, which was the sensation of the flower show last fall, to its rose and gold perfection. The keen sport of orchid-originating is complicated a little by the fact that every time you want to breed out a little floppiness of petals or breed in a little rose or yellow, you have to stand around twiddling your thumbs seven years before you discover which parental characteristics the temperamental seedling is going to express. Infant orchids are bottle-raised; the seeds are planted on a special kind of gelatin inside a flask, and grow happily there for a year. I visited Mr. Baldwin's Mamaroneck place the other day, and saw there more than enough of these bottled seedlings to repopulate his huge hillside orchid house, which holds twenty thousand adult orchid plants, and reminds one vaguely of an agricultural Yankee Stadium.

A PROFESSIONAL gardeners' course, patterned after the Kew system of horticulture, was started a few months ago by the New York Botanical Garden and the Horticultural Society of New York, and has been so popular that another division of the course is being started for non-professional people. It meets on Monday afternoons at the Horticultural Society offices.

A DISPLAY of orchids is being held in connection with the exhibition of photographs of beautiful New York women which is current at Bergdorf Goodman's during January and early February. The orchids are some of the loveliest ones from Robert Jewell's greenhouses.

Flower stems play an important part in effective arrangement. The vivid, bird-like cyclamen bloom seems to flutter at the end of a long stem which is a part of its grace





## Broadway Up to Date

(Continued from page 46)

work of Miss Hutchinson—and the whole company.

### BIOGRAPHY

It is rare that the stage gives us a vital, spontaneously compelling character that makes of life a continuous comedy because of the innate detachment of that character from its own unconventional codes and because of its cosmic light-heartedness. I do as I please, therefore I laugh, might have been the motto of Marion Froude, the central character in S. N. Behrman's "Biography," a festal farce (almost) of the American scene. It was the second Guild show of the season and it scored a triumph all around.

In the creation of Marion Froude, the New York artist, born in Tennessee and nurtured in the great bohemian world where sex affairs are merely pleasant incidents in life, like fine dinners. Mr. Behrman must have had Ina Claire in mind. Never has a part fitted an actress better. Miss Claire fairly glows with intelligence, radiant charm and the lighter side of Old World sophistication. She brings these gifts to the interpretation of the rôle of Marion Froude and makes of her the whole show, the one worth-while thing in this otherwise brittle play, the one memorable, authentic portrait in Mr. Behrman's three plays.

Marion's delightfully satiric treatment of her first affair, now returned to her as a candidate for Senator from Tennessee, a typical stuffed shirt and a sentimental pudding-head (played finely by Jay Fassett), and her mocking treatment of his prospective father-in-law, another stuffed shirt, a newspaper proprietor, must be seen, and not described, to get the essential flavor of Ina Claire's comic art. She digs under the superficialities of character.

Marion, you see, is going to write—at the instance of a magazine editor—an autobiography. The stuffed shirts are in a panic. The comic situations pivot around their attempts to get Marion to give up the series of articles. Marion's innocence and insouciance in this matter are as enticing as her satiric prods. She cares nothing about the opinion of the world—and such men and women always hold the whip hand.

The one weak spot in "Biography" is the character of Richard Kurt, the magazine editor. He is a rabid idealist, a sullen, morose exposé of shams who leaves a \$2,000 check on the piano as an advance fee. I have never met such editors.

### LUCECE

In "Lucrece," a play translated by Thornton Wilder from the French of André Obey (with incidental music by Deems Taylor and incidental soliloquies from the majestically beautiful "The Rape of Lucrece" of Shakespeare), the first thing to be spoken of is the superb work of Katharine Cornell as the young Roman matron.

Katharine Cornell, grave and exotic in her type of beauty, achieved

as *Lucrece* a simplicity, a naturalness, a subtle suggestiveness of acting that put her among the foremost serious actresses of our time.

As the good wife waiting at home like Penelope, as the victim of Tarquin in her bed in the dead of night, or as the woman in black who dies on the stage, she wove a spell over her audience that came from the secret of all psychic power—restraint.

The play itself is old-fashioned melodrama. Today, the death of Lucrece, the over-emphasis on chastity and the bombastic roars of husband and friends for vengeance are almost incomprehensible. Our sex-psychology has changed. No doubt the suicide of a violated wife was a good old Roman custom. Today we have Freud & Company. Taking away the occasional Shakespeare and the superb settings of Robert Edmond Jones there is left an old ten-twenty-three-shocker—no more.

### HONEYMOON

Infidelity as a cure for marital troubles is the ultra-modern theme of Samuel Chotzinoff's and George Backer's "Honeymoon." In spite of the fact that the capable Katherine Alexander, the humorous Thomas Mitchell, the snappy Rachel Hartzell and the competent Ross Alexander adorn the chief rôles, the play, mainly because of a talky and reiterative first act, doesn't come off as it should.

There are two sets of couples, Mrs. Leslie Taylor and Bob Taylor, divorced, and the Chapmans, only a week married, who are already looking around elsewhere for extra necking. To complicate matters, Tom

Taylor wants Leslie to re-marry him. So you see, everybody wants what she and he haven't got, which is the human-all-too-human way of the world. So after a general round of infidelities in which no one takes any one seriously, in spite of Miss Alexander's old-fashioned weeping and a pistol shot, all comes out hunky-dorey before the final curtain. The play hasn't enough body to carry the weighty idea—or *vice versa*.

Joseph Spurin-Calleia was an odd and delightful butler.

### WALK A LITTLE FASTER

This musical comedy ought to obey the title—it ought to scam, as they say in the movies. But it doesn't.

Beatrice Lillie, that clean-cut lady clown, whose artistry is all subtle suggestion and gesture, walks away with the show. She is grotesque in "The Scamp of the Campus," appearing in an old-fashioned shirt-waist, flaring sleeves and a straw hat of the Taft Dynasty. She has some good lines in this skit and they are shot out of her metallic mouth like frappé vitriol. Then she is Frisco Fanny, up Yukon way. Here she gives an example of her caricatural qualities in a whisky parlor. With Bobby Clark she does an amusing caricature of Tamara Geva, while the wild, eye-rolling Bobby spoofs Clifton Webb, the dancer with the manicured form.

### GAY DIVORCE

Behold the names who helped to roll Gay Divorce into shape: Cole Porter, Dwight Taylor, Kenneth Webb, Samuel Hoffenstein, Carl Randall, Jo Mielziner and Raymond

Sovey. And among the players and dancers we have Fred Astaire, Betty Starbuck, Claire Luce, Luella Gear, Eric Blore and G. P. Huntley, Jr.

But the play, although it possesses some smart Park Avenue dialogue, is old-fashioned and moved me not an inch. There is a hotel room, a bed, a correspondent and all the other Woods contraptions of twenty years ago, when the world was somewhat unsophisticated and mustache was fashionable.

Fred Astaire was equally clever as actor and dancer but one missed the gay Adele. Claire Luce, Mr. Astaire's new partner, is dazzling and effulgent. Cole Porter's tunes and lyrics and Hoffenstein's lines have charm and often brilliance and Luella Gear and Eric Blore really entertain—the best musical comedy so far this season.

### TAKE A CHANCE

The thing you will most likely remember in Schwab & De Silva's musical comedy, "Take a Chance," is Ethel Merman's "Eadie Was a Lady." It is done in the *genre* of what is slyly known as the "gay nineties." This song is the elegy of a roguish wanton who has passed away—and she "had class with a capital K," did this Eadie.

The story is as bad as the music—excepting the *Eadie* song. But it is the raciness of the humor that saves "Take a Chance." The Throckmorton settings were properly in the key of nonsense.

### PUPPET PLAYS

Is it the Depression or the growing belief that old Spinoza was right when he said all mankind was a marionette show that has caused a renaissance of puppetry?

Vittorio Podrecca's Teatro dei Piccoli, the most famous and longest established puppet-show in the world, certainly gives us an astonishing performance. Almost everything you can think of is burlesqued by these gaudily tricked-out dolls—a bullfight, singing, variety shows, solo piano players (the latter uproariously amusing), circus-acts, dancing bears; everything, indeed, except the income-tax blank. (Some things are too tragic for the domain of Momus.) The best acts were, to my liking, the Josephine Baker and the Chinese acrobatic acts. It is much worth the seeing.

The Yale Puppeteers have ensconced themselves in a delightful little theatre at 34 West 46th St. and are producing some humorous fantasies with good music and beautiful costuming. Two of their shows are "The Pie-Eyed Piper" and "Uncle Tom's Hebben," both done up to date. The boys from Yale University who run this show are certainly having a lot of fun, and the public gets plenty of good laughs out of their plays. There is a number by "The Hayden Trio" in wigs and red knee breeches that delights the hardest heart. The rat ballet dancers, and the natty "chocolate" chorus tricked out in green are sophisticated and catchy



Josephine Hutchinson as "Alice" at the Civic Repertory Theatre





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*L. P. Fisher*

President, Cadillac Motor Car Company



## The Arts in New York

(Continued from page 51)



PHOTO BY NICHOLAS MURRAY  
"Aggression" by Thomas Benton.  
Museum of Modern Art

The transitions of color in the browns and greens and blues, as juxtaposed by Matisse in his subtle scale, are superb.

Superb is a good word to use of the Picasso paintings (also in this Valentine "Selection") particularly of the gigantically featured young woman in the blue blouse. It is perhaps not so obviously agreeable as the Matisse painting, but the finality and skill, however cold, which only Picasso seems to possess with line so seduces itself into the contour of the almost elephantine face and the color of the hugely filled blue blouse that instead of a big girl you see an extra-human figure of poised and aristocratically self-contained amplitude. (This is a good place to say that both of these masters were represented by etchings typical of their drawing powers, Matisse naturally tending to the decorative in his illustrations for the poems of Stephen Mallarmé, at the Marie Harriman Galleries; and Picasso to the classic, though not up to his usual best, in his illustrations for a Balzac story, at the Julien Levy Galleries.) The same intellectual acuteness of Picasso is immediately recognizable in his architectural abstraction "La Table." I never have been able to turn joyful handsprings before the Picasso rearrangements of form—believing that the non-representational abstraction was only a salutary interlude (now finished) in contemporary art history—but there is no doubt that Picasso is painting's intellectual leader of this generation. I have, for example, always preferred the abstractions of Picasso's

sensitive co-worker Bracque because in them is a *feel* of tactile warmth. One could sit on Bracque's tables and play his guitars and read his newspapers and eat his fruit. There is similar precise substance in the Lurcat abstraction of terrace, boat and water, that French watering-place gaiety sown with sad wistfulness as celebrated by Marcel Proust in his memories of Balbec. A similar world, gayer and almost childishly enchanting is mirrored in the sportive Raoul Dufy.

But no world could be more enchanting than the departed Second Empire one which moves in the delicate wash drawings (at the Kraushaar Galleries) by Constantin Guys, man of the world, war correspondent, and, last of all, artist. Guys was not perhaps a great figure in a world which boasted—only their world didn't boast of as much as jeer them—Manet, Renoir and Degas. He himself grew infuriated if spoken of as a painter at all. It was not modesty, it was a question of social position. Thackeray lost his friendship because he wrote of Guys by name in praising his war sketches in the "Illustrated London News"—many of which the Kraushaar Galleries recently acquired—for Guys also had a passion for anonymity, few of his works being signed. Even Baudelaire dared only to write of him as "C. G.," in his essay. Guys preferred to be known as a man of the world, to be taken for an English gentleman—the French *haut monde* always have shared with Americans this Henry Jamesian wish to be mistaken for English gentry—and a ladies' man. That he did his share by the ladies is illustrated by the fact that at the youthful age of eighty he was run over while leaving a ball by one of those thin-wheeled victorias (usually contained of two highly desirable ladies) only he could paint with those dazzlingly tender strokes of his. If living today he undoubtedly would be drawing for "The New Yorker." (Peter Arno, in reduced scale of course, has made himself one of Guys' heirs.) The Guys' ladies (incidentally, both his and Mr. Arno's men have in common an unmistakable appearance of strange superfluity and absurdity) knew and promised less than Mr. Arno's; they were not "sophisticated," but they never forgot they were made for men. Guys never could forget it either. It was to him endless and irresistible source of wonder. Their tiny feet and their overflowing bodices, tentatively laced; their long (race-horseish) legs, never without the reassuring curve however, draped by only seemingly impregnable mountains of lavender silk and yellow lace and strangely unprotecting of those frilly crinolines which so indecisively shield the white stockings chastely (but so visibly) drawn; and their small white Empire faces, as from a great height, masking, shall we say, domestic infelicities behind fashion-

able languors and indifferences, framed by glistening chignons, their eyes sparkling and so innocent with amorous knowledge, they seem unreal to our rectangular day, yet they remain enticingly feminine. Physical time never will ravage the beauty—however multiple their dissipations and depravities—of these *svelte*, lascivious fillies. Guys stopped time in the rococo halls of Eugénie and her Napoleon. He was no critic. The satire, the mordancy, the probing eye of Lautrec, or the brilliant and searing caricatures of Daumier are not to be found here. Guys saw his twilight heroines as they saw themselves, as they wanted men to see them, as men saw them—at least as the man who was Guys saw them. It is saddening to remember that we young hard and unsentimental men must be modern and unromantic, and that the figure of a woman must be a succession of right angles, and that we must face the facts of life at left angles.

Some of our American sculptors, though, are remembering that Eve had curves, especially our finest one, Gaston Lachaise, and perhaps in over-multiplicity, William Zorach. (Mr. Zorach, in this connection, had paid to him the priceless compliment of being unappreciated by "Roxy," of Radio City, who removed the Zorach nude "Dancing Figure" from the sacred precincts of his vaudeville temple. Mr. Roxy's talents as a connoisseur were publicly unknown until that moment.) Along with these older sculptors in celebration of Eve is the increasingly interesting work of the Japanese-American, Isamu Noguchi, whose most recent sculptures and drawings were exhibited at the Reinhardt Galleries. Mr. Noguchi's work is still reminiscent of Brancusi, especially in the three symbolical figures based upon feminine contours, and of Epstein in at least one of his heads. But he is beginning to show his own authority, especially with the head of Angna Enters, whose most recent New York performance disclosed a further amplification of an unparalleled and prolific genius in the theatre arts. Mr. Noguchi's head of Miss Enters is not a likeness but an almost classic impression of a face which is a mask. It is a portrait almost of two persons, with the mask predominant. In that mask Mr. Noguchi has caught that intense sensibility, both tragic and comic, which sparkles in Angna Enters' theatre. The expression is of that fresh inquiring vitality which so excites us in the theatre masks of the archaic Greek world. His drawings are interesting but still too formative.

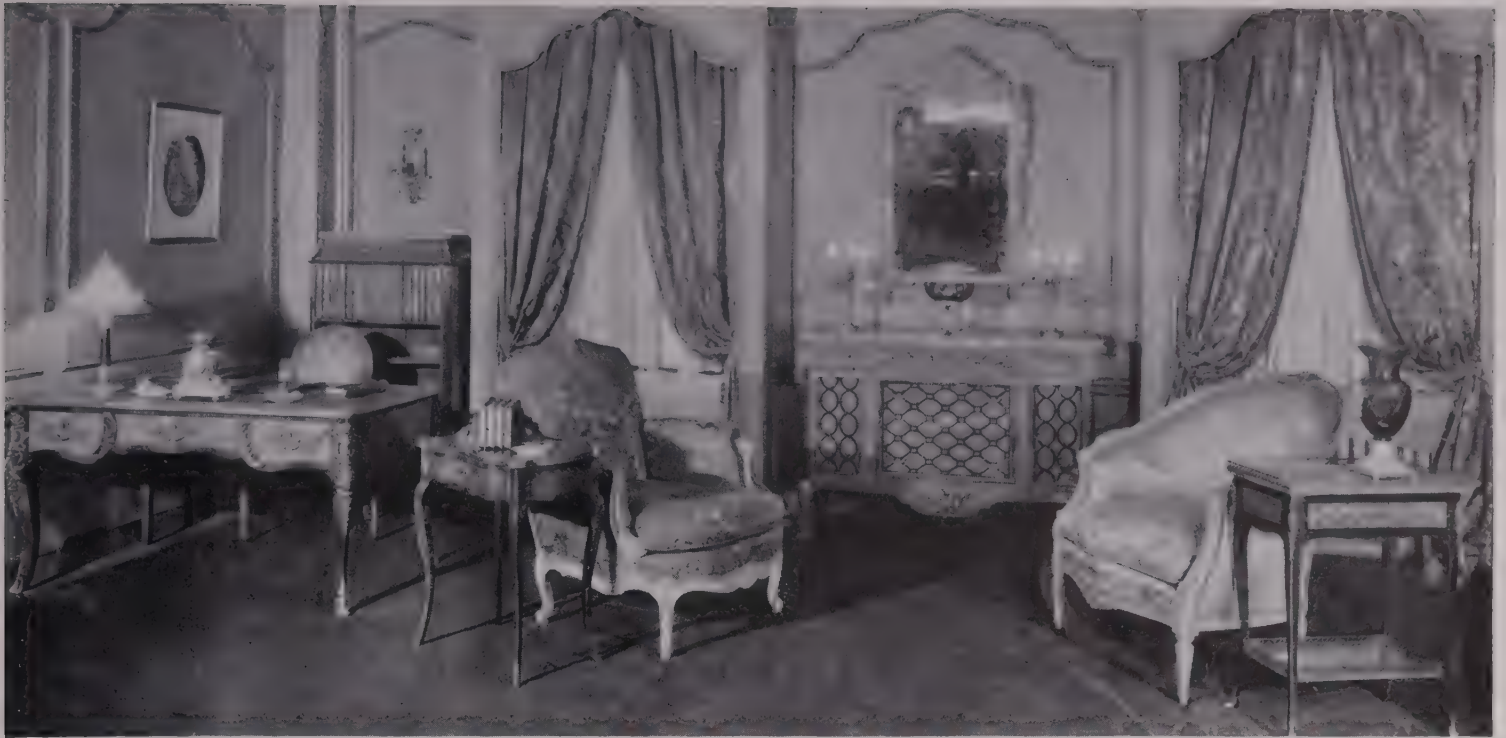
We return to God's country (American style) with Thomas Benton's new murals, concerned with his and the popular version of "The Arts of Life" in the Union, as exhibited in the reading room of the Whitney Museum of American Art for which they were commissioned. The arts of life which Mr. Benton records have to do with the native pastimes of the "spirituals" South and the wild and woolly West,

horse-busting, crap-shooting, Lord's Day activities; and the City arts of lipsticking, dancehall and movie and speakeasy praying, gun-jousting and comic strip humors. Mr. Benton's list is quite comprehensive, and his subject matter is undeniably surface American, pioneer-style, although in these days similar records could be made of any European country with a few omissions and additions. His report of these doings however is not especially original, and his comment by now is a common tradition. As literature, Mark Twain, Theodore Dreiser, Sherwood Anderson, Sinclair Lewis, and particularly H. L. Mencken have given us a fuller, more objectified picture. Mr. Benton's murals or rather cartoons are illustrations of their findings, and without real bite or variety. The caricature is limited in the sense that the individuals in these murals all have similar features, and even in America that is not true. The gunman, and the Indian and the Negro and the city gals all have the same expression, and even as symbolism that is excessive. There is no doubt that Mr. Benton is our best mural decorator, and it is inexcusable that an old hat English Royal Academician muralist should have been commissioned by the art connoisseurs of Radio City when Benton was available. I must however confess myself unaffected by Mr. Benton's vision of America. The color is hard and unenticing. Nevertheless, these murals are so immeasurably superior to the somewhat similar ones in that strange cultural nest called the New School for Social Research that one may reasonably hope for style, beauty and wit, as well as vitality, from this vital and significant American artist.

Other outstanding exhibitions of the month were those of the old English sporting prints at the Knoedler Galleries, which probably has the best private print collection of all periods in the country; the very representative collection of the American print-makers at the Downtown Galleries; and the American folk art exhibitions at the Modern Museum of Art and the John Becker Galleries respectively. If not taken too seriously, these folk art shows are amusingly naïve, with an occasional flower piece which is quite beautiful.

What sounds like an extremely comprehensive selection of 300 paintings, representative of all Western art periods beginning with the primitives and inclusive of the American art period as represented by the late Robert Henri, is now being exhibited in the two new large additions to the Toledo (Ohio) Museum of Art. On January 10th and 11th thirty-six galleries of this enlarged museum opened with this exhibition in which were represented nearly all the great names of art's past, such as Holbein, Cranach, Hals, Rembrandt, De Hoogh, Velasquez, Goya, Tiepolo, Gainsborough, Reynolds, Constable, Hogarth, Manet, Degas, and Morisot. American art is represented among many others by Stuart, Whistler, Sargent, Ralph Blakelock, Robert Henri, Winslow Homer, and Albert Pinkham Ryder.





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## "I'll Meet You at the Hangar"

(Continued from page 40)

afternoon's drive, but now are long winding crystal rivers? Or over rivers that are thin necklaces of blue diamonds lying in a serpentine fashion among the fields? Have you ever flown over cities that look so small you know that nothing matters, and everything is truly relative? Have you ever seen a mountain rise up to meet you with its million trees and suddenly find that it is only one smooth tuft of evergreen all round and no trunks? Have you ever really seen the stars? Have you ever—but if you fly, you have.

"Exactly thirty-five minutes and three seconds, from coast to coast!" I crowed when I landed the airplane on Ellen's private landing field. "We have covered sixty-two and a half miles."

We surveyed the field to get our bearings; the main house was about five minutes away. Twenty-four planes stood in various positions.

From the young man, a very weak "Did all those planes come down here today?"

"Bless you, yes," I answered kindly, "everybody flies." I was in a mel-low mood. "See all those planes," I gestured widely, "I'll take you on for a dry Martini that half of the pilots are women, and, that they flew here all alone."

We found Ellen and her guests gathered around a great fire. You would never have dreamed that all those gay young men and charming young women had flown from points north, east, south and west—twenty or a hundred miles. Not a flying suit in sight, not one pair of goggles, but woolly tweeds and tailored afternoon gowns masquerading as flying suits.

We had a leisurely tea and took off for home at sunset. Twenty-four propellers gleaming in the dusky red glow of the setting sun; twenty-four planes taking off into the purple horizon. "Contact!" we sang out together. And we were off to dine, some of us in Philadelphia, others in Connecticut; I was returning to dinner in New York.

The lapsed number of hours that I had spent in traveling was one hour and twenty minutes for one hundred thirty-five miles.

So what? you ask. So what, indeed.

That is but one exposition in the singular case, and I am not the only fortunate who is bound by that enchanting spell whose sounds are the putt-putt of an airplane engine or the clear whistle of the wind through the struts. Even the mud of an airplane field is different. There are more than 15,000 private pilots in this country and some 3,000 privately owned planes. So consider a moment the gracious hostess who invites you to "dinner at eight" and that smart bachelor who has you in for cocktails. More than likely they have spent the afternoon in the airplane. Your hostess will be her charming self, your bachelor casual as ever; one will have spent some lovely moments in the pursuit of the little

round ball and the other chasing rainbows at the end of a horsemen's trail. But both your hostess and your bachelor will have escaped the state's traffic lights and a headache by using their airplanes. Consider also the guests, some of whom, too, will have come from other cities, piloting their own planes.

As a matter of fact, most of the hostesses that we know are instructing their chauffeurs to collect the week-end guests at the nearest airport. Other clever people with imagination have converted blueberry patches *et al.* into private landing fields. Elliott White Springs has a nice field adjoining his home at Winston-Salem, North Carolina. Mrs. Frederick Ames of Boston, the du-Ponts of Wilmington, Colonel Charles Lindbergh of Princeton, and Colonel Deeds of Cleveland have some of the more spectacular landing fields. Consequently, with everyone catering to our whims, week-ending five hundred miles from home is beginning to be as casual as you please. Why not, we say, go down to see the tulip trees blooming in the Carolinas or the wild ducks cackling in Virginia. So we pack our golf sticks and our guns practically every week-end during the shooting season.

Those of us who like to stay within calling distance of the stock market can nevertheless still ride to hounds with the joviality of the squires of old, play golf with the sureness of Bobby Jones and shoot with an eagle eye, because we airplane. And those who live in the country go on shopping trips with peaceful hearts. We have discovered that we not only get to places more quickly but we need not worry about making trains. Besides, we are having a swell time with this flying. And we often wonder if this isn't the nearest we will ever get to Heaven.

If you have a plane, the world is yours to conquer. No Marco Polo, even I dare not dispute Mr. Polo's spirit, ever went out to discover new lands with a greater zest and a more adventurous spirit than we do as we give our plane the "gun" and point her nose to the horizon. It's fun to fly. Have you ever heard of a treasure hunt? Of course. But try one some day via air—and seaplane cruises and amateur pilot contests and air meets. That, however, is another story.

"I'll meet you at the hangar" is not an idle threat on the part of the smart young set. And not all so young, either. There is a merry tale about Colonel Holland Duel who acquired his wings at the age of fifty. Now he flies to his golf date with his wife sitting at the dual control. Neither is it echoed only by the chosen few, but by all of us who haven't time to clutter up our days with hours along dusty highways.

Said a cautious young man of New England to me the other evening, "I've just bought a dual control, J.V.I. nice paint job, red fuselage and silver wings." And as casually as he might ask for a match. Happy Landing!



## Come to Breakfast at Twelve

(Continued from page 31)

tion is the main thing. If there is a musician among the guests—and there usually is—the party spreads itself out into the apartment of Mr. Woolcott's next door neighbor, Alice Duer Miller, who supplies the piano.

For our newest form of American entertaining, most hosts are taking the English breakfast as a pattern—the buffet type of thing, with chafing dishes on a sideboard, coffee in a percolator or, preferably, in a family urn if such grandeur can be produced. Surrounding it are plates, cups, implements and napkins in piles, ready for self-service. Out in Princeton, the Sunday breakfasts organized by Dr. Charles Browne follow the English tradition. The parties are held in the Gun Club where the long sideboard groans with such luscious British specialties as stewed kidneys and haddock. But there are plenty of American touches to these breakfasts. For those who have nostalgia for New England, there are codfish cakes. For Philadelphians who happen to be in the party, there is scrapple, and a feature of these Gun Club affairs is small bar-sausages specially made.

James Reynolds, the artist and scenic painter, is another bachelor whose entertaining very often takes the form of Sunday breakfasts—even this winter when he is working nights, collaborating with Robert Edmond Jones on some of the Radio City projects. Mr. Reynolds reverts to his English upbringing and goes very British for breakfast. His guests serve themselves from a sideboard where hot containers hold mostly meat dishes, such as chicken livers or kidneys. But sometimes he goes in for Southern things, like Chicken Maryland with hot cornbread. He claims that one of the necessities of a Sunday breakfast is a large assortment of jams, honeys, and marmalades to use with piping hot English muffins or Holland Rusks.

Here are some of the recipes Mr. Reynolds has inherited from the cook who was in his home during

his boyhood days in England. *Finnan Haddie*: cut the Finnan Haddie into four parts and boil until tender in boiling water. Place on a flat dish and cover with thin, hot, creamed sauce. Garnish with red pepper. *Kedgeriee*: take a cup full of flaked codfish and a cup full of rice, boiled separately—then stir together in a chafing dish with a beaten egg. Add a small quantity of cream and a dash of Worcestershire Sauce and plenty of pepper. Garnish with chopped hard boiled egg. *Kippers*: put kippers into a frying pan filled with hot water and let simmer for ten minutes. Then drain and put into a chafing dish with large pieces of butter.

Last summer, the interesting colony around Westport, Connecticut, grew tired of too many Sunday cocktail parties—so some of the men revolted and started the breakfast idea. One host, Paul Hartley, has original ideas which make his parties so successful: in winter, he urges his guests to walk or ride horseback to his house. Here is the spicy portion Mr. Hartley proffers on winter mornings—hot mulled wine (vin rouge to which lemon peel and plenty of spices have been added and then made good and hot). This drink, planned to warm the cockles of your heart, is handed to the guests the moment they come indoors after their tramp through the crisp Connecticut countryside. Breakfast is served at a long table placed in the living room instead of the dining room—because the open fireplace helps to cheer up the atmosphere (as well as contributing to that lazy feeling which follows breakfast).

Sunday breakfast parties are gaining favor with middle-west bachelors also. At his country place near Cleveland, Leonard Hanna often has people from neighboring estates drop into his very English house. Although his breakfasts are not of the self-service-sideboard variety, Mr. Hanna's table itself is set entirely with British trappings,—lustre china (huge coffee cups), bright col-

ored Irish linen table cloths, old English pepper mill and, predominating, a Lazy Susan in the centre of the table. This old fashioned and most useful adjunct to a breakfast table holds four or five lustre jars filled with jams, marmalades, and honeys—all very British and all hailing from Fortnum & Mason. Mr. Hanna is very apt to have corned beef hash, following the same recipe so popular with his famous uncle, Mark Hanna. Other interesting things on his menu are: poached eggs on chicken hash, Irish bacon and grilled tomatoes and, out of deference to my request when I am a visitor, grilled mushrooms with bacon.

Around Cleveland's Chagrin Valley Hunt Club, there are lots of bachelors who entertain at breakfast when they come in after the hunts which start at 4:30. Many of these parties aren't given at the Club House itself. For instance, when Crispin Oglebay and his young cousin, Courtney Burton, entertain a breakfast party, they have it served in the tack-room of the stable. It's a most attractive picture and worthy of a Hollywood director. Logs crackle in the fireplace, a long table is covered with a checked cloth and set with china decorated in bright hunting scenes. They use those attractive English goblets in which miniature hunting figures are set in the stem. The tack-room walls are covered with saddles, bits, bridles, and crops—a perfect setting for the pink-coated guests.

The host who would please everyone will serve a variety of breads. Swedish bread, toasted triscuits, and especially Holland Rusks. These are similar to English muffins, except that they are crisper and are much lighter. Being split and toasted before they are packed in boxes, they can be used as a basis for such things as scrambled eggs, creamed chipped beef, and chicken hash (and, by the way, the latter is grand when served on hot griddle cakes).

## Our Apartments Keep up with Us

(Continued from page 45)

but these particular closets would pander to the Martha-complex in any of us. For they have grand capacious shelves, which will hold all those obsolete magazines and newspapers we simply can't throw away—not to mention spare liquid refreshments, if any. Besides that, they are a joy to the eye, for inside they are painted an alluring sunshine yellow, which harmonizes well with the parchment shade of the wall paper and the colors in the draperies. The bedroom closets have been enlarged by a deft straightening of a wall here, the elimination of an angle there. They are equipped with built-in shoe racks and all the latest gadgets.

Another "problem child" of the older generation of apartment houses is radiators. Every once in a while

the problem laps over into the realm of engineering. Such was the case of the radiator which was placed to one end rather than in the center of a triple window. To meet this emergency, Mrs. Thornley, the decorator, designed a wrought iron screen for the front of the window. It had an asbestos top over the radiator which made it possible to grow flowers behind a wire decoration. Sheer silk voile curtains, draped across the window, shut out a rather unprepossessing view, without sacrificing depth.

Everybody knows by now of the almost miraculous things which have been done to the old railroad flats of Poverty Row, but the neatest trick of the year for making something charming out of the Perfectly Impossible, goes to Eric Gugler,

architect, who has remodelled an old house on East Fortieth Street. The less said about the way the house was when he took it over the better. It is the living room we want to talk about now. He took out the entire outer wall on one end, filled it with glass supported on a steel frame. Two marble columns are set about six feet behind this glass wall, giving the effect of a solarium with plants and bushes beyond and grapevines actually grow over the windows. Twenty feet away in the back yard is a privet hedge, and behind that a vacant lot, which, come prosperity, will probably yield a pile of masonry. In the meantime this window-wall of Mr. Gugler looks out on what appears to be infinite space—infinite at least as space goes in New York.



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## Games Worth the Candle

(Continued from page 20)

the individual motor of each horse was another mechanism which provided the element of chance, and so mathematically exact as to give the same chance element existing on any recognized track. This machine kept fourteen large steel ballbearings in perpetual motion and shuffled them mechanically across twenty pairs of copper rails (a pair to each horse). The balls moving over the rails completed an electrical circuit which doubled the horse's speed for one-half a furlong.

A trumpet, a gong, an instrument imitating the sound of horses' feet on the track added to the air of reality, and excitement ran high. Horses cost one dollar apiece. A betting board was in the rear room. Mr. Geddes usually operated the switch board, someone else was bookmaker, and a third man assisted here and there. It was a highly organized sport. For a whole afternoon before the race, the dials and equipment were tested and set.

But of all his games, his war game is the most intricate, the most intense, the most monumental, and to him the most interesting. Mr. Geddes has a library of seven hundred books of actual war records—the official reports of every war ever published. He has read them all, more than half of them two or three times. General Ely of Governor's Island once asked if he might send two officers of his staff to watch the game from night to night. But Norman Bel Geddes said no. He preferred that the game be a substitute for real war, not a laboratory. It pleased him, therefore, when a young German player said: "If the Kaiser had had one of these to work over, perhaps there wouldn't have been a war."

Each evening of play is the equivalent of three and a half days of war. One war (one game, that is) lasted three years, indulged in one evening a week from eight o'clock to midnight by twenty-eight belligerents (fourteen on either side) with a staff meeting, in addition, for each side during the middle of the week. Both sides kept exact records of all plans, orders, and results of every move. Mr. Geddes has huge loose-leaf books of the eight wars fought on his cork terrain since 1916. Some of the warriors who played were: Frank Warren, a member of Woodrow Wilson's peace commission, Compton Packenham, Brigadier-General of the British General Staff, W. B. Fletcher, Vice Admiral in the American Navy, Igor Morovsky, a General in the Russian White Army, Earle Farwell, in charge of the mine laying squadron of the American Navy in the North Sea, C. L. Boccarelli of the Italian army, and other ordinary, non-military citizens. Igor Morovsky outclassed all the players, carrying formulas in his head which others had to compute or look up.

The board over which the armies and navies moved was sixteen feet long and four feet wide. The area of land represented was approximately as large as the western front; the

water area approximated in size the North Sea. The boundaries of each of the two countries inclosed an area the same in geographical advantage throughout, though different in kind. Each country had the same railroad mileage, and the same resources. Their imports by rail and water were equal. Over the entire board some nine thousand cities and towns were indicated. Every bridge, every creek, every mountain ridge, and every hamlet was named. The channels were marked with numbered buoys.

The map was built in relief by layers of cork to millimeter accuracy. The cork was covered with metric paper, and the printed matter cemented on—towns, their names, their manufacturing facilities, and so on.

The game is played with little tacks, each equivalent to a fighting unit—men, ships, airplanes, or tanks, each tack taking up on the terrain the same amount of space that the

size of its unit would proportionately occupy. Each tack has its identification printed on it.

There are about twelve thousand units represented by pins, though not all of course need be in the game at the same time. When ships or armies are within range, the hits are determined by a machine, the chance elements of which are in accordance with actual war percentages. Thirty minutes of play represents twelve hours for one side. First one side plays its half hour and then the other. During that time each player on a side may move and fire any unit under his command once—according to the distance such unit might be moved in twelve hours of actual warfare. *Yelozand* and *Redegar* are the names of the countries in this struggle for supremacy.

And though Mr. Geddes is not a very passionate sportsman himself, he has never invented a game which does not include the human equation. His infinite capacity for taking pains—even with games—is a mark of his many-sided genius.

## Our Dumb Friends

(Continued from page 14)

on this point and if such is the case, and the job of gopher companion is still open, I should like to solicit herewith the privilege of nominating one or two old friends to fill it unless the reptile has too picky an appetite.

John Alden Twachtman, the mural painter, has a pet monkey named Coco. A hot-blooded animal from South America, he has made his home in a hotbed of Connecticut art for seven years, and there are those who wonder whether Coco, who is full of airs and graces, is more mural than moral.

Another pet who has enjoyed close association with the fine arts is Julien Levy's dog. He doesn't, however, give all his time to his Galleries as he is fundamentally a nature lover and prefers to be outdoors pursuing the sport to which he is passionately devoted—that of climbing trees. Mr. Levy's sister Elizabeth is credited with the discovery of the dog's unusual gift. It is said the two were playing ball when the restive ball became lodged in the limbs of a tree. With never a backward glance the indomitable dog pursued his quarry up into the tree, and has gone in for tree climbing ever since.

Pets so extremely active are far too difficult however for most New Yorkers to cultivate, which probably accounts for the current popularity of fish. All five boroughs are rapidly becoming fish-conscious to an alarming extent. Dr. Seuss (creator of Quick-Henry-the-Flit animals), who is Ted Geisel in private life if such a life can be called private, has so many fish bowls in his apartment that guests without diving helmets feel faintly panic-stricken on plunging into the moist Geisel quarters. As for Helen Morgan, she has twenty-five varieties of fish in one room of her apartment. The lot includes one flame fish, one Black Knight, four angel fish called the Marx Brothers, and great families of guppies with their children, their grand-

children, and their great-grandchildren. Miss Morgan's mother looks after the nursery when Miss Morgan is on the road, and is very fond of her charges, particularly of one Peter, a fish of great charm and rare beauty with his black and white striped façade and his whimsical round mouth.

In searching for other pets suitable for New York apartment life, our sleuths were informed that Frank Sullivan had fleas. Feeling that he should be given the benefit of the doubt, he was asked point-blank, but refused to give a direct answer. What he did say was, "Yes, I am fond of trained fleas but my favorite pet was a seal that didn't really belong to me at all, but to an aunt of mine, and it wasn't strictly speaking a seal, either, because the seal proper had been removed and the fur retained and made into a coat for my aunt, and I loved it because its fur was so warm. My aunt used to say she was glad she had had the seal removed because the coat was much less trouble around the house than it would have been had the seal been inside of it, and also, in the latter case, how could my aunt have got into the coat, if the seal were already there? No, Nature abhors a vacuum and for that matter I wasn't any too fond of my aunt, but I did like that coat. . . . Ford's\* pet is an old fountain pen that squirts ink when attacked, making good its escape."

The only other pets I know of that don't require much space or food or care are those handsome cast iron twelve-pound pigeons from the Sacred Cast Iron Pigeon Cupola of the Guild of Former Pipe Organ Pumpers. Chet Shafer, Grand Diapason, put these proud birds into circulation, and I am only one of the many cast iron pigeon fanciers who have him to thank for that touch of nature in our otherwise barren homes.

\*Corey.



## Music in Paris

(Continued from page 49)

which she uses to perfection, in a manner to rival Yvette Guilbert in the old magnificent days; is not pretty and has the appeal which leaves beauty indifferent and was passionately and justly hailed by Paris as one of the most irrefutable new personalities in Europe today. Kurt Weill himself turned out to be a modest be-spectacled young musician from Vienna who looks like half the modest be-spectacled young musicians of the Dutch Treat Club of New York. What his music misses in genius, it makes up in ingenuousness, plus a new personal popularist mode that has made his "Drei Groschen Oper" and "Mahagonny" records the most popular phonograph music in Paris today. And what his German troupe did in the way of giving real opera with a handful of bare boards, stylization and skill, all on one corner of the Salle Gaveau's shabby stage, was an eye-opener to Parisians.

If anything had been needed to aid the great Russian theatricalist, Granowski's, present filming of Pierre Louÿs' "Les Aventures du Roi Pausole" (which you may have read on the sly when young) it was supplied in the Massine Ballet. The corps de ballet dresses in black, wears long black gloves, dances upon rocks and in a snow storm. . . . Ballet is in a hard way in Europe so far as finding a theatre goes. But the ballet training in Paris, classic center on the Continent since the fall of Imperial Russia, goes on with pathetic energy, hope and impeccable tradition. Probably the best known of the ballet mistresses here is Nijinska, who created Diaghileff's "Noces" and is sister to the great dancer, now gone

mad. Second, though not in training or good temper, is Egorowa, who accepts only stars in her class and in whose atelier Lifar and Massine work daily. More recently there has been Kchessinska, married to two Grand Dukes, friend of the only Tzar and star in his St. Petersburg ballet, and finally Preobrajenska, who has mostly brilliant beginners, among them Mlle. Toumanova of the Monte Carlo Ballet, who dances like a man, though Preobrajenska's specialty is pirouettes.

This particularly Parisian passion for ballet reached its peak in the Opéra's recent gala featuring the Caplet-cut revival, with costumes and choreograph of the period, of Lulli's "Triomphe de l'Amour," written for Louis XIV, and probably furnishing him with one of his nicest nights out of the seventeenth century. As was considered stylish at the time, Venus was dressed in satin to her neck and wore a hat of ostrich plumes, and Diana, as huntress, was depicted in a pink velvet riding rig appropriate to the Grande Mademoiselle in her most mythological martial moments. However, the *clou* of the evening was the première of Prokofieff's ballet, "Sur le Borysthène," starring Serge Lifar, once of the Diaghileff Russian Ballet and since the master's death in Venice, modern head-man at the old-fashioned state house here. If anyone could carry on the Diaghileff tradition of excitement in décors, passionate personal story told by muscles and miming, violence and imagination in terms of movement and mass, Lifar might. Though in "Borysthène" he did not. He gave more than has been seen since the old days and failed only in one thing which never used to fail—perfection. Prokofieff's music was admirable, solid, varied, handsomely developed and orchestrated.

## Shirley on the James

(Continued from page 37)

are duplicate columned porches, rising two stories, with balustrades on the second floor, and covered with handsome pediments. Incidentally, these porches were added long after the original house was built. Thomas Jefferson, with his love of the Greek architecture, first introduced columned porticos to the Colonies.

A high boxwood hedge behind a group of brick houses has an opening for the road that leads to the servants' quarters nearly a mile away from the "Big House." In former days the rows of frame and log cabins were always dotted with little darkies who could be heard at play by Old Marster and the Missus seated on the wide river porch.

Opposite the entrance to the stately hall is the lovely fireplace, with doors on either side that open into the parlor and the dining room. A finely proportioned spacious room, the walls are paneled, and the exquisite hanging staircase is scarcely equaled in beauty anywhere.

In the Shirley dining room hung for more than one hundred and thirty years the magnificent portrait of George Washington by Charles Wil-

son Peale. It was given by Washington to General Nelson of Yorktown, whose daughter Mary, when she married a Carter, brought the portrait to Shirley. Recently, it was sold to Mr. John D. Rockefeller Jr., to become a permanent possession of the Williamsburg restoration. In the dining room, as well as in the hall and the parlor, are many interesting portraits of Carter men and women, three rarely beautiful ones by St. Memim, and a portrait of Colonel Edward Hill, who built Shirley.

The dearest of all the portraits in this room is Anne Carter, mother of General Lee. Shirley has a unique and lasting place in the hearts of all Southerners, because the mother of Robert Edward Lee was born there.

How impossible it is not to slip in amongst set descriptions the romance and the history of this home, —the paneled walls, and beautiful cornices over the doors with the decorated urns carved in the broken pediment, the exquisite detail of the frieze with the hospitable pineapple in miniature occurring again and again, and the Early American mahogany furniture.

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NOT

## MUSICAL CHAIRS

NOT A GAME, BUT A CHANCE FOR  
YOU TO TEST YOUR KNOWLEDGE

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1. Identify each of these chairs as to period and country?
2. Say in exactly what sort of room each belongs?
3. Tell what types would go harmoniously together?
4. Select other furnishings and accessories which would suitably go with them?
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